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ARIADNE IN MANTUA
ACTS I, II
BY VERNON LEE

The Bibelot

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Current numbers Five cents

1906.

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The Bibelot

I.

"Forlorn, forlorn! . And everywhere, from the halls with mouldering zodiacs and Loves of the Gods and Dances of the Muses; and across hanging gardens choked with weeds and fallen in to a lower level, appear the blue waters of the lake, and its green distant banks, to make it all into Fairyland. There is, more particularly, a certain long, long portico, not far from Isabella d'Este's writing closet, dividing a great green field planted with mulberry trees, within the palace walls, from a fringe of silvery willows growing in the pure, lilied water. Here the Dukes and their courtiers took the air when the Alps slowly revealed themselves above the plain after sunset; and watched, no doubt, either elaborate quadrilles and joustings in the riding-school, on the one hand, or boat-races and all manner of water pageants on the other. We know it all from the books on the noble art of horsemanship: plumes and curls waving above curvetting Spanish horses; and from the rarer books of six-

teenth and seventeenth century masques and early operas, where Arion appears on his colossal dolphin packed with tiorbos *and* violas d'amore, *singing some mazy* aria *by Caccini or Monteverde, full of plaintive flourishes and unexpected minors. We know it all, the classical pastoral still coloured with mediæval romance, from Tasso and Guarini — nay, from Fletcher and Milton. Moreover, some chivalrous Gonzaga duke, perhaps that same Vincenzo who had the blue and gold ceiling made after the pattern of the labyrinth in which he had been kept by the Turks, not too unlike, let us hope, Orsino of Illyria, and by his side a not yet mournful Lady Olivia; and perhaps, directing the concert at the virginal, some singing page Cesario. . . . Fancy a water pastoral, like the Sabrina part of 'Comus,' watched from that portico! The nymph Manto, founder of Mantua, rising from the lake; cardboard shell or real one? Or the shepherds of Father Virgil, trying to catch hold of Proteus; but all in ruffs and ribbons, spouting verses like 'Amyntas' or 'The Faithful Shepherdess.' And now only the song of the frogs rises up from among the sedge and willows, where the battlemented castle steeps its buttresses in the lake."*

II

In an old style wrapper of Eighteenth century paper, designed and printed by Guiseppe Rizzi of Varese, (whereof we have by us some charming specimens, the gift of a friend oversea,) with engraved title-label pasted upon it and published barely two years ago only to become quite unprocurable, the text of Ariadne in Mantua *is here reissued entire.*[1]

Like almost everything else written by Vernon Lee there is to be found that insistent little touch which is her sign-manual when dealing with Italy or its makers of forgotten melodies. In other words, the music of her rhythmic prose is summed up in one poignant vocable — Forlorn.

The Preface to Ariadne *would therefore have seemed incomplete without citing the passage set forth above from* Genius Loci, *(London, 1899,) it having so intimately to to do with the actual origin of the play*

---

[1] ARIADNE IN MANTUA, A ROMANCE IN FIVE ACTS, BY VERNON LEE. OXFORD: B. H. BLACKWELL, 50 AND 51 BROAD STREET. LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT AND COMPANY. A. D. MCMIII. Octavo. Wrappers. Pp. x.: 11–66.

The dedication is as follows: "*To Ethel Smyth thanking, and begging, her for music.*"

before the scenes grew and were shaped into dramatic sequence. As for her vanished world of dear dead women and their lovers who are dust, we may indeed for a brief hour enter that enchanted atmosphere. Then a vapour arises as out of long lost lagoons, and, be it Venice or Mantua, we come to feel "how deep an abyss separates us — and how many faint and nameless ghosts crowd round the few enduring things bequeathed to us by the past."

❦

FOR FEBRUARY:

ARIADNE IN MANTUA
ACTS III–V.

FOR MARCH:

LYRICS
BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

ARIADNE IN MANTUA

A ROMANCE IN FIVE ACTS

By

VERNON LEE.

VIOLA. . . . . . *I'll serve this Duke:*
. . . . *for I can sing*
And speak to him in many sorts of music.

TWELFTH NIGHT, I. 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

FERDINAND, Duke of Mantua.
THE CARDINAL, his Uncle.
THE DUCHESS DOWAGER.
HIPPOLYTA, Princess of Mirandola.
MAGDALEN, known as DIEGO.
THE MARCHIONESS OF GUASTALLA.
THE BISHOP OF CREMONA.
THE DOGE'S WIFE.
THE VENETIAN AMBASSADOR.
THE DUKE OF FERRARA'S POET.
THE VICEROY OF NAPLES' JESTER.
A TENOR as BACCHUS.
THE CARDINAL'S CHAPLAIN.
THE DUCHESS'S GENTLEWOMAN.
THE PRINCESS'S TUTOR.
Singers as Maenads and Satyrs; Courtiers, Pages, Wedding Guests and Musicians.

The action takes place in the Palace of Mantua through a period of a year, during the reign of Prospero I. of Milan, and shortly before the Venetian expedition to Cyprus under Othello.

PREFACE.

"Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichniss."

IT is in order to give others the pleasure of reading or re-reading a small masterpiece, that I mention the likelihood of the catastrophe of my Ariadne *having been suggested by the late Mr. Shorthouse's* Little Schoolmaster Mark ; *but I must ask forgiveness of my dear old friend, Madame Emile Duclaux (Mary Robinson), for unwarranted use of one of the songs of her* Italian Garden.

Readers of my own little volume Genius Loci *may meanwhile recognise that I have been guilty of plagiarism towards myself also. For a couple of years after writing those pages, the image of the Palace of Mantua and the lakes it steeps in, haunted my fancy with that peculiar insistency, as of the half-lapsed recollection of a name or date, which tells us that we know (if we could only remember!)* what happened in a place. *I let the matter rest. But, looking into my mind one day, I found that a certain song of the early seventeenth century*—(not *Monteverde's* Lamento d'Arianna *but an air,* Amarilli, *by Caccini, printed alongside in Parisotti's collection)—had entered that palace of Mantua, and was, in some manner not easy to define, the musical shape of what must have happened there.*

And that, translated back into human personages, was the story I have set forth in the following little Drama.

So much for the origin of Ariadne in Mantua, *supposing any friend to be curious about it. What seems more interesting is my feeling, which grew upon me as I worked over and over the piece and its French translation, that these personages had an importance greater than that of their life and adventures, a meaning, if I may say so, a little* sub specie aeternitatis. *For, besides the real figures, there appeared to me vague shadows cast by them, as it were, on the vast spaces of life, and magnified far beyond those little puppets that I twitched. And I seem to feel here the struggle, eternal, necessary, between mere impulse, unreasoning and violent, but absolutely true to its aim; and all the moderating, the weighing and restraining influences of civilization, with their idealism, their vacillation, but their final triumph over the mere forces of nature. These well-born people of Mantua, privileged beings wanting little because they have much, and able therefore to spend themselves in quite harmonious effort, must necessarily get the better of the poor gutter-born creature without whom, after all, one of them would have been dead and the others would have had no opening in life. Poor* Diego *acts* *magnanimously, being cornered; but he (or she) has not the delicacy, the dignity to melt into thin air with a mere lyric Metastasian "Piangendo partì" and leave them to their untroubled conscience. He must needs assert himself, violently wrench at their heart-strings, give them a final stab, hand them over to endless remorse; briefly, commit that public and theatrical deed of suicide, splashing the murderous waters into the eyes of well-behaved wedding guests.*

Certainly neither the Duke, *nor the* Duchess Dowager, *nor* Hippolyta *would have done this. But, on the other hand, they could calmly, coldly, kindly accept the self-sacrifice culminating in that suicide: well-bred people, faithful to their standards and forcing others, however unwilling, into their own conformity. Of course without them the world would be a den of thieves, a wilderness of wolves; for they are,—if I may call them by their less personal names,—Tradition, Discipline, Civilization.*

On the other hand, but for such as Diego *the world would come to an end within twenty years: mere sense of duty and fitness not being sufficient for the killing and cooking of victuals, let alone the begetting and suckling of children. The descendants of* Ferdinand *and* Hippolyta, *unless* *they intermarried with some bastard of* Diego's *family, would dwindle, die out; who knows, perhaps supplement the impulses they lacked by silly newfangled evil.*

These are the contending forces of history and life: Impulse and Discipline, creating and keeping; love such as Diego's, *blind, selfish, magnanimous; and detachment, noble, a little bloodless and cruel, like that of the* Duke of Mantua.

And it seems to me that the conflicts which I set forth on my improbable little stage, are but the trifling realities shadowing those great abstractions which we seek all through the history of man, and everywhere in man's own heart.

VERNON LEE.

Maiano, near Florence,
June, 1903.

ARIADNE IN MANTUA.

ACT I.

The CARDINAL'S *Study in the Palace at Mantua. The* CARDINAL *is seated at a table covered with Persian embroidery, rose-colour picked out with blue, on which lies open a volume of Machiavelli's works, and in it a manuscript of Catullus; alongside thereof are a bell and a magnifying-glass. Under his feet a red cushion with long tassels, and an oriental carpet of pale lavender and crimson. The* CARDINAL *is dressed in scarlet, a crimson fur-lined cape upon his shoulders. He is old, but beautiful and majestic, his face furrowed like the marble bust of Seneca among the books opposite.*

Through the open Renaissance window, with candelabra and birds carved on the copings, one sees the lake, pale-blue, faintly rippled, with a rose-coloured brick bridge and bridge-tower at its narrowest point. DIEGO (*in reality* MAGDALEN) *has just been admitted into the* CARDINAL'S *presence, and after kissing his ring, has remained standing, awaiting his pleasure.*

DIEGO *is fantastically habited as a youth in russet and violet tunic reaching below the knees in Moorish fashion, as we see it in the frescoes of Pinturicchio; with silver buttons down the seams, and plaited linen at the throat and in the unbuttoned purfles of the sleeves. His hair, dark but red where it catches the light, is cut over the forehead and touches his shoulders. He is not very tall in his boy's clothes, and very sparely built. He is pale, almost sallow; the face, dogged, sullen, rather expressive than beautiful, save for the perfection of the brows and of the flower-like singer's mouth. He stands ceremoniously before the* CARDINAL, *one hand on his dagger,* *nervously, while the other holds a large travelling hat, looped up, with a long drooping plume.*

The CARDINAL *raises his eyes, slightly bows his head, closes the manuscript and the volume, and puts both aside deliberately. He is, meanwhile, examining the appearance of* DIEGO.

CARDINAL. We are glad to see you at Mantua, Signor Diego. And from what our Worthy Venetian friend informs us in the letter which he gave you for our hands, we shall without a doubt be wholly satisfied with your singing, which is said to be both sweet and learned. Prythee, Brother Matthias (*turning to his* Chaplain), bid them bring hither my virginal,—that with the Judgment of Paris painted on the lid by Giulio Romano; its tone is admirably suited to the human voice. And, Brother Matthias, hasten to the Duke's own theorb player, and bid him come straightways. Nay, go thyself, good Brother Matthias, and seek till thou hast found him. We are impatient to judge of this good youth's skill.

The Chaplain *bows and retires.* DIEGO (*in reality* MAGDALEN) *remains alone in the* CARDINAL'S *presence. The* CARDINAL *remains for a second turning over a letter, and then reads through the magnifying-glass out loud.*

CARDINAL. Ah, here is the sentence: "Diego, a Spaniard of Moorish descent, and a most expert singer and player on the virginal, whom I commend to your Eminence's favour as entirely fitted for such services as your revered letter makes mention of——" Good, good.

The CARDINAL *folds the letter and beckons* DIEGO *to approach, then speaks in a manner suddenly altered to abruptness, but with no enquiry in his tone.*

Signor Diego, you are a woman——

DIEGO *starts, flushes and exclaims huskily,* "My Lord——." *But the* CARDINAL *makes a deprecatory movement and continues his sentence.*

and, as my honoured Venetian correspondent assures me, a courtesan of some experience and of more than usual tact. I trust this favourable judgment may be justified. The situation is delicate; and the work for which you have been selected is dangerous as well as difficult. Have you been given any knowledge of this case?

DIEGO *has by this time recovered his composure, and answers with respectful reserve.*

DIEGO. I asked no questions, your Eminence. But the Senator Gratiano vouchsafed to tell me that my work at Mantua would be to soothe and cheer with music your noble nephew Duke Ferdinand, who, as is rumoured, has been a prey to a certain languor and moodiness ever since his return from many years' captivity among the Infidels. Moreover (such were the Senator Gratiano's words), that if the Fates proved favourable to my music, I might gain access to His Highness's confidence, and thus enable your Eminence to understand and compass his strange malady.

CARDINAL. Even so. You speak discreetly, Diego; and your manner gives hope of more good sense than is usual in your sex and in your trade. But this matter is of more difficulty than such as you can realize. Your being a woman will be of use should our scheme prove practicable. In the outset it may wreck us beyond recovery. For all his gloomy apathy, my nephew is quick to suspicion, and extremely subtle. He will delight in flouting us, should the thought cross his brain that we are practising some coarse and foolish stratagem. And it so happens, that his strange moodiness is marked by abhorrence of all woman-kind. For months he has refused the visits of his virtuous mother. And the mere name of his young cousin and affianced bride, Princess Hippolyta, has thrown him into paroxysms of anger. Yet Duke Ferdinand possesses all his faculties. He is aware of being the last of our house, and must know full well that, should he die without an heir, this noble dukedom will become the battlefield of rapacious alien claimants. He denies none of this, but nevertheless looks on marriage with unseemly horror.

DIEGO. Is it so?——And——is there any reason His Highness's melancholy should take this shape? I crave your Eminence's pardon if there is any indiscretion in this question; but I feel it may be well that I should know some more upon this point. Has Duke Ferdinand suffered some wrong at the hands of women? Or is it the case of some passion, hopeless, unfitting to his rank, perhaps?

CARDINAL. Your imagination, good Madam Magdalen, runs too easily along the tracks familiar to your sex; and such inquisitiveness smacks too much of the courtesan. And beware, my lad, of touching on such subjects with the Duke: women and love, and so forth. For I fear, that while endeavoring to elicit the Duke's secret, thy eyes, thy altered voice, might betray thy own.

DIEGO. Betray me? My secret? What do you mean, my Lord? I fail to grasp your meaning.

CARDINAL. Have you so soon forgotten that the Duke must not suspect your being a woman? For if a woman may gradually melt his torpor, and bring him under the control of reason and duty, this can only come about by her growing familiar and necessary to him without alarming his moody virtue.

DIEGO. I crave your Eminence's indulgence for that one question, which I repeat because, as a musician, it may affect my treatment of his Highness. Has the Duke ever loved?

CARDINAL. Too little or too much,—which of the two it will be for you to find out. My nephew was ever, since his boyhood, a pious and joyless youth; and such are apt to love once, and, as the poets say, to die for love. Be this as it may, keep to your part of singer; and even if you suspect that he suspects you, let him not see your suspicion, and still less justify his own. Be merely a singer: a sexless creature, having seen passion but never felt it; yet capable, by the miracle of art, of rousing and soothing it in others. Go warily, and mark my words: there is, I notice, even in your speaking voice, a certain quality such as folk say melts hearts; a trifle hoarseness, a something of a break, which mars it as mere sound, but gives it more power than that of sound. Employ that quality when the fit moment comes; but most times restrain it. You have understood?

DIEGO. I think I have, my Lord.

CARDINAL. Then only one word more. Women, and women such as you, are often ill advised and foolishly ambitious. Let not success, should you have any in this enterprise, endanger it and you. Your safety lies in being my tool. My spies are everywhere; but I require none; I seem to know the folly which poor mortals think and feel. And see! this palace is surrounded on three sides by lakes; a rare and beautiful circumstance, which has done good service on occasion. Even close to this pavilion these blue waters are less shallow than they seem.

DIEGO. I had noted it. Such an enterprise as mine requires courage, my Lord; and your palace, built into the lake, as life, — saving all thought of heresy, — is built out into death, your palace may give courage as well as prudence.

CARDINAL. Your words, Diego, are irrelevant, but do not displease me.

DIEGO *bows. The* Chaplain *enters with* Pages *carrying a harpsichord, which they place upon the table; also two* Musicians *with theorb and viol.*

Brother Matthias, thou hast been a skilful organist, and hast often delighted me with thy fugues and canons. — Sit to the instrument, and play a prelude, while this good youth collects his memory and his voice preparatory to displaying his skill.

The Chaplain, *not unlike the Monk in Titian's "Concert," begins to play,* DIEGO *standing by him at the harpsichord. While the cunningly interlaced themes, with wide, unclosed cadences, tinkle metallically from the instrument, the* CARDINAL *watches, very deliberately, the face of* DIEGO, *seeking to penetrate through its sullen sedateness. But* DIEGO *remains with his eyes fixed on the* *view framed by the window : the pale blue lake, of the colour of periwinkle, under a sky barely bluer than itself, and the lines on the horizon—piled up clouds or perhaps Alps. Only, as the* Chaplain *is about to finish his prelude, the face of* Diego *undergoes a change : a sudden fervour and tenderness transfigure the features ; while the eyes, from very dark turn to the colour of carnelian. This illumination dies out as quickly as it came, and* Diego *becomes very self-contained and very listless as before.*

Diego. Will it please your Eminence that I should sing the Lament of Ariadne on Naxos?

Act II.

A few months later. Another part of the Ducal Palace of Mantua. The Duchess's *closet: a small irregular chamber; the vaulted ceiling painted with Giottesque patterns in blue and russet, much blackened, and among which there is visible only a coronation of the Virgin, white and vision-like. Shelves with a few books and phials and jars of medicine; a small movable organ in a corner; and, in front of the ogival window, a praying-chair and large crucifix. The crucifix is black against the landscape, against the grey and misty waters of the lake; and framed by the nearly leafless branches of a willow growing below.*

The Duchess Dowager *is tall and straight, but almost bodiless in her black nun-like dress. Her face is so white, its lips and eyebrows so colourless, and eyes so pale a blue, that one might at first think it insignificant, and only gradually notice the strength and beauty of the features. The* Duchess *has laid aside her sewing on the entrance of* Diego, *in reality* Magdalen; *and, forgetful of all state, been on the point of rising to meet him. But* Diego *has ceremoniously let himself down on one knee, expecting to kiss her hand.*

Duchess. Nay, Signor Diego, do not kneel. Such forms have long since left my life, nor are they, as it seems to me, very fitting between God's creatures. Let me grasp your hand, and look into the face of him whom Heaven has chosen to work a miracle. You have cured my son!

DIEGO. It is indeed a miracle of Heaven, most gracious Madam; and one in which, alas, my poor self has been as nothing. For sounds, subtly linked, take wondrous powers from the soul of him who frames their patterns; and we, who sing, are merely as the string or keys he presses, or as the reed through which he blows. The virtue is not ours, though coming out of us.

DIEGO *has made this speech as if learned by rote, with listless courtesy. The* DUCHESS *has at first been frozen by his manner, but at the end she answers very simply.*

DUCHESS. You speak too learnedly, good Signor Diego, and your words pass my poor understanding. The virtue in any of us is but God's finger-touch or breath; but those He chooses as His instruments are, methinks, angels or saints; and whatsoever you be, I look upon you with loving awe. You smile? You are a courtier, while I, although I have not left this palace for twenty years, have long forgotten the words and ways of courts. I am but a simpleton: a foolish old woman who has unlearned all ceremony through many years of many sorts of sorrow; and now, dear youth, unlearned it more than ever from sheer joy at what it has pleased God to do through you. For, thanks to you, I have seen my son again, my dear, wise, tender son again. I would fain thank you. If I had worldly goods which you have not in plenty, or honours to give, they should be yours. You shall have my prayers. For even you, so favoured of Heaven, will some day want them.

DIEGO. Give them me now, most gracious Madam. I have no faith in prayers; but I need them.

DUCHESS. Great joy has made me heartless as well as foolish. I have hurt you, somehow. Forgive me, Signor Diego.

DIEGO. As you said, I am a courtier, Madam, and I know it is enough if we can serve our princes. We have no business with troubles of our own; but having them, we keep them to ourselves. His Highness awaits me at this hour for the usual song which happily unclouds his spirit. Has your Grace any message for him?

DUCHESS. Stay. My son will wait a little while. I require you, Diego, for I have hurt you. Your words are terrible, but just. We princes are brought up — but many of us, alas, are princes in this matter!—to think that when we say "I thank you" we have done our duty; though our very satisfaction, our joy, may merely bring out by comparison the emptiness of heart, the secret soreness, of those we thank. We are not allowed to see the burdens of others, and merely load them with our own.

DIEGO. Is this not wisdom? Princes should not see those burdens which they cannot, which they must not, try to carry. And after all, princes or slaves, can others ever help us, save with their purse, with advice, with a concrete favour, or, say, with a song? Our troubles smart because they are *our* troubles; our burdens weigh because on *our* shoulders; they are part of us, and cannot be shifted. But God doubtless loves such kind thoughts as you have, even if, with your Grace's indulgence, they are useless.

DUCHESS. If it were so, God would be no better than an earthly prince. But believe me, Diego, if He prefer what you call kindness—bare sense of brotherhood in suffering—'tis for its usefulness. We cannot carry each other's burden for a minute; true, and rightly so; but we can give each other added strength to bear it.

DIEGO. By what means, please your Grace?

DUCHESS. By love, Diego.

DIEGO. Love! But that was surely never a source of strength, craving your Grace's pardon?

DUCHESS. The love which I am speaking of — and it may surely bear the name, since 'tis the only sort of love that cannot turn to hatred. Love for who requires it because it is required — say love of any woman who has been a mother for any child left motherless. Nay, forgive my boldness: my gratitude gives me rights on you, Diego. You are unhappy; you are still a child; and I imagine that you have no mother.

DIEGO. I am told I had one, gracious Madam. She was, saving your Grace's presence, only a light woman, and sold for a ducat to the Infidels. I cannot say I ever missed her. Forgive me, Madam. Although a courtier, the stock I come from is extremely base. I have no understanding of the words of noble women and saints like you. My vileness thinks them hollow; and my pretty manners are only, as your Grace has unluckily had occasion to see, a very thin and bad veneer. I thank your Grace, and once more crave permission to attend the Duke.

DUCHESS. Nay. That is not true. Your soul is nowise base-born. I owe you everything, and, by some inadvertence, I have done nothing save stir up pain in you. I want — the words may seem presumptuous, yet carry a meaning which is humble — I want to be your friend; and to help you to a greater, better Friend. I will pray for you, Diego.

DIEGO. No, no. You are a pious and virtuous woman, and your pity and prayers must keep fit company.

DUCHESS. The only fitting company for pity and prayers, for love, dear lad, is the company of those who need them. Am I over bold?

The DUCHESS *has risen, and shyly laid her hand on* DIEGO'S *shoulder.* DIEGO *breaks loose and covers his face, exclaiming in a dry and husky voice.*

DIEGO. Oh the cruelty of loneliness, Madam! Save for two years which taught me by comparison its misery, I have lived in loneliness always in this lonely world; though never, alas, alone. Would it had always continued! But as the wayfarer from out of the snow and wind feels his limbs numb and frozen in the hearth's warmth, so, having learned that one might speak, be understood, be comforted, that one might love and be beloved, — the misery of loneliness was revealed to me. And then to be driven back into it once more, shut in to it for ever! Oh, Madam, when one can no longer claim understanding and comfort; no longer say "I suffer: help me!" — because the creature one would say it to is the very same who hurts and spurns one!

Duchess. How can a child like you already know such things? We women may, indeed. I was as young as you, years ago, when I too learned it. And since I learned it, let my knowlege, my poor child, help you to bear it. I know how silence galls and wearies. If silence hurts you, speak, — not for me to answer, but understand and sorrow for you. I am old and simple and unlearned; but, God willing, I shall understand.

DIEGO. If anything could help me, 'tis the sense of kindness such as yours. I thank you for your gift; but acceptance of it would be theft; for it is not meant for what I really am. And though a living lie in many things, I am still, oddly enough, honest. Therefore, I pray you, Madam, farewell.

DUCHESS. Do not believe it, Diego. Where it is needed, our poor loving kindness can never be stolen.

DIEGO. Do not tempt me, Madam! Oh God, I do not want your pity, your loving kindness! What are such things to me? And as to understanding my sorrows, no one can, save the very one who is inflicting them. Besides, you and I call different things by the same names. What you call *love*, to me means nothing: nonsense taught to children, priest's metaphysics. What *I* mean, you do not know. (*A pause,* DIEGO *walks up and down in agitation*). But woe's me! You have awakened the power of breaking through this silence, — this silence which is starvation and deathly thirst and suffocation. And it so happens that if I speak to you all will be wrecked. (A pause).

But there remains nothing to wreck! Understand me, Madam, I care not who you are. I know that once I have spoken, you *must* become my enemy. But I am grateful to you; you have shown me the way to speaking; and, no matter now to whom, I now *must* speak.

DUCHESS. You shall speak to God, my friend, though you speak seemingly to me.

DIEGO. To God! To God! These are the icy generalities we strike upon under all pious warmth. No, gracious Madam, I will not speak to God; for God knows it already, and, knowing, looks on indifferent. I will speak to *you*. Not because you are kind and pitiful; for you will cease to be so. Not because you will understand; for you never will. I will speak to you because, although you are a saint, you are *his* mother, have kept somewhat of his eyes and mien; because it will hurt you if I speak, as I would it might hurt *him*. I am a woman, Madam; a harlot; and I was the Duke your son's mistress while among the Infidels.

A long silence. The DUCHESS *remains seated. She barely starts, exclaiming* "Ah! —," *and becomes* *suddenly absorbed in thought.* DIEGO *stands looking listlessly through the window at the lake and the willow.*

DIEGO. I await your Grace's orders. Will it please you that I call your maid-of-honour, or summon the gentleman outside? If it so please you, there need be no scandal. I shall give myself up to any one your Grace prefers.

The DUCHESS *pays no attention to* DIEGO'S *last words, and remains reflecting.*

DUCHESS. Then, it is he who, as you call it, spurns you? How so? For you are admitted to his close familiarity; nay, you have worked the miracle of curing him. I do not understand the situation. For, Diego, — I know not by what other name to call you — I feel your sorrow is a deep one. You are not the —— woman who would despair and call God cruel for a mere lover's quarrel. You love my son; you have cured him, — cured him, do I guess rightly, through your love? But if it be so, what can my son have done to break your heart?

DIEGO (*after listening astonished at the* DUCHESS'S *unaltered tone of kindness*). Your

Grace will understand the matter as much as I can; and I cannot. He does not recognise me, Madam.

DUCHESS. Not recognise you? What do you mean?

DIEGO. What the words signify: Not recognise.

DUCHESS. Then —— he does not know —— he still believes you to be —— a stranger?

DIEGO. So it seems, Madam.

DUCHESS. And yet you have cured his melancholy by your presence. And in the past —— tell me: had you ever sung to him?

DIEGO (*weeping silently*). Daily, Madam.

DUCHESS (*slowly*). They say that Ferdinand is, thanks to you, once more in full possession of his mind. It cannot be. Something still lacks; he is not fully cured.

DIEGO. Alas, he is. The Duke remembers everything, save me.

DUCHESS. There is some mystery in this. I do not understand such matters. But I know that Ferdinand could never be base towards you knowingly. And you, methinks, would never be base towards him. Diego, time will bring light into this darkness. Let us pray God together that He may make our eyes and souls able to bear it.

DIEGO. I cannot pray for light, most gracious Madam, because I fear it. Indeed I cannot pray at all, there remains nought to pray for. But, among the vain and worldly songs I have had to get by heart, there is, by chance, a kind of little hymn, a childish little verse, but a sincere one. And while you pray for me — for you promised to pray for me, Madam — I should like to sing it, with your Grace's leave.

DIEGO *opens a little movable organ in a corner, and strikes a few chords, remaining standing the while. The* DUCHESS *kneels down before the crucifix, turning her back upon him. While she is silently praying,* DIEGO, *still on his feet, sings very low to a kind of lullaby tune.*

Mother of God,
We are thy weary children ;
Teach us, thou weeping Mother,
To cry ourselves to sleep.

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ACT III.

Three months later. Another part of the Palace of Mantua: the hanging gardens in the DUKE'S *apartments. It is the first warm night of Spring. The lemon trees have been brought out that day, and fill the air with fragrance. Terraces and flights of steps; in the background the dark mass of the palace, with its cupolas and fortified towers; here and there a lit window picking out the dark; and from above the principal yards, the flare of torches rising into the deep blue of the sky. In the course of the scene, the moon gradually emerges from behind a group of poplars on the opposite side of the lake into which the palace is built. During the earlier part of the act, darkness. Great stillness, with, only occasionally, the plash of a fisherman's oar, or a very distant thrum of mandolines. — The* DUKE *and* DIEGO *are walking up and down the terrace.*

DUKE. Thou askedst me once, dear Diego, the meaning of that labyrinth which I have had carved, a shapeless pattern enough, but well suited, methinks, to blue and gold, upon the ceiling of my new music room. And wouldst have asked, I fancy, as many have done, the hidden meaning of the device surrounding it. — I left thee in the dark, dear lad, and treated thy curiosity in a peevish manner. Thou hast long forgiven and perhaps forgotten, deeming my lack of courtesy but another ailment of thy poor sick master; another of those odd ungracious moods with which, kindest of healing creatures, thou hast had such wise and cheerful patience. I have often wished to tell thee; but I could not. 'Tis only now, in some mysterious fashion, I seem myself once more, — able to do my judgment's bidding, and to dispose, in memory and words, of my own past. My strange sickness, which thou hast cured, melting its mists away with thy beneficent music even as the sun penetrates and sucks away the fogs of dawn from our lakes — my sickness, Diego, the sufferings of my flight from Barbary; the horror, perhaps, of that shipwreck which cast me (so they say, for I remember nothing) senseless on the Illyrian coast —— these things, or Heaven's judgment on but a lukewarm Crusader, — had somehow played strange havoc with my will and recollections. I could not think; or thinking, not speak; or recollecting, feel that he whom I thought of in the past was this same man, myself.

The DUKE *pauses, and leaning on the parapet, watches the long reflections of the big stars in the water.*

But now, and thanks to thee, Diego, I am another; I am myself.

DIEGO'S *face, invisible in the darkness, has undergone dreadful convulsions. His breast heaves, and he stops for breath before answering; but when he does so, controls his voice into its usual rather artificially cadenced tone.*

DIEGO. And now, dear master, you can recollect —— all?

DUKE. Recollect, sweet friend, and tell thee. For it is seemly that I should break through this churlish silence with thee. Thou didst cure the weltering distress of my poor darkened mind; I would have thee, now, know somewhat of the past of thy grateful patient. The maze, Diego, carved and gilded on that ceiling is but a symbol of my former life; and the device which, being interpreted, means "I seek straight ways," the expression of my wish and duty.

DIEGO. You loathed the maze, my Lord?

DUKE. Not so. I loved it then. And I love still it now. But I have issued from it — issued to recognise that the maze was good. Though it is good I left it. When I entered it, I was a raw youth, although in years a man; full of easy theory, and thinking all practice simple; unconscious of passion; ready to govern the world with a few learned notions; moreover never having known either happiness or grief, never loved and wondered at a creature different from myself; acquainted, not with the straight roads which I now seek, but only with the rectangular walls of schoolrooms. The maze, and all the maze implied, made me a man.

DIEGO (*who has listened with conflicting feelings, and now unable to conceal his joy*). A man, dear master; and the gentlest, most just of men. Then, that maze —— But idle stories, interpreting all spiritual meaning as prosy fact, would have it, that this symbol was a reality. The legend of your captivity, my Lord, has turned the pattern on that ceiling into a real labyrinth, some cunningly built fortress or prison, where the Infidels kept you, and whose clue —— you found, and with the clue, freedom, after five weary years.

DUKE. Whose clue, dear Diego, was given into my hands, — the clue meaning freedom, but also eternal parting — by the most faithful, intrepid, magnanimous, the most loving —— and the most beloved of women!

The DUKE *has raised his arms from the parapet, and drawn himself erect, folding them on his breast, and seeking for* DIEGO'S *face in the darkness. But* DIEGO, *unseen by the* DUKE, *has clutched the parapet and sunk on to a bench.*

DUKE (*walking up and down, slowly and meditatively, after a pause*). The poets have fabled many things concerning virtuous women. The Roman Arria, who stabbed herself to make honourable suicide easier for her husband; Antigone, who buried her brother at the risk of death; and the Thracian Alkestis, who descended into the kingdom of Death in place of Admetus. But none, to my mind, comes up to *her*. For fancy is but thin and simple, a web of few bright threads; whereas reality is closely knitted out of the numberless fibres of life, of pain and joy. For note it, Diego —those antique women whom we read of were daughters of kings, or of Romans more than kings; bred of a race of heroes, and trained, while still playing with dolls, to pride themselves on austere duty, and look upon the wounds and maimings of their soul as their brothers and husbands looked upon the mutilations of battle. Whereas here; here was a creature infinitely humble; a waif, a poor spurned toy of brutal mankind's pleasure; accustomed only to bear contumely, or to snatch, unthinking, what scanty happiness lay along her difficult and despised path, — a wild creature, who had never heard such words as duty or virtue; and yet whose acts first taught me what they truly meant.

DIEGO (*who has recovered himself, and is now leaning in his turn on the parapet*). Ah —— a light woman, bought and sold many times over, my Lord; but who loved, at last.

DUKE. That is the shallow and contemptuous way in which men think, Diego, — and boys like thee pretend to; those to whom life is but a chess-board, a neatly painted surface alternate black and white, most suitable for skilful games, with a soul clean lost or gained at the end! I thought like that. But I grew to understand life as a solid world: rock, fertile earth, veins of pure metal, mere mud, all strangely mixed and overlaid; and eternal fire at the core! I learned it, knowing Magdalen.

DIEGO. Her name was Magdalen?

DUKE. So she bade me call her.

DIEGO. And the name explained the trade?

DUKE (*after a pause*). I cannot understand thee, Diego, — cannot understand thy lack of understanding —— Well yes! Her trade. All in this universe is trade, trade of prince, pope, philosopher or harlot; and once the badge put on, the licence signed — the badge a crown or a hot iron's brand, as the case may be, — why then we ply it according to prescription, and that's all! Yes, Diego, — since thou obligest me to say it in its harshness, I do so, and I glory for her in every contemptuous word I use! — The woman I speak of was but a poor Venetian courtesan; some drab's child, sold to the Infidels as to the Christians; and my cruel pirate master's — shall we say? — mistress. There! For the first time, Diego, thou dost not understand me; or is it —— that I misjudged thee, thinking thee, dear boy —— (*breaks off hurriedly*).

DIEGO (*very slowly*). Thinking me what, my Lord?

DUKE (*lightly, but with effort*). Less of a little Sir Paragon of Virtue than a dear child, who is only a child, must be.

DIEGO. It is better, perhaps, that your Highness should be certain of my limitations —— But I crave your Highness's pardon. I had meant to say that being a waif myself, pure gutter-bred, I have known, though young, more Magdalens than you, my Lord. They are, in a way, my sisters; and had I been a woman, I should, likely enough, have been one myself.

DUKE. You mean, Diego?

DIEGO. I mean, that knowing them well, I also know that women such as your Highness has described, occasionally learn to love most truly. Nay, let me finish, my Lord; I was not going to repeat a mere sentimental commonplace. Briefly then, that such women, being expert in love, sometimes understand, quicker than virtuous dames brought up to heroism, when love for them is cloyed. They can walk out of a man's house or life with due alacrity, being trained to such flittings. Or, recognising the first signs of weariness before 'tis known to him who feels it, they can open the door for the other — hand him the clue of the labyrinth with a fine theatric gesture! — But I crave your Highness's pardon for enlarging on this theme.

DUKE. Thou speakest Diego, as if thou hadst a mind to wound thy master. Is this, my friend, the reward of my confiding in thee, even if tardily?

DIEGO. I stand rebuked, my Lord. But, in my own defence —— how shall I say it? —— Your Highness has a manner to-night which disconcerts me by its novelty; a saying things and then unsaying them; suggesting and then, somehow, treading down the suggestion like a spark of your lightning. Lovers, I have been told, use such a manner to revive their flagging feeling by playing on the other one's. Even in so plain and solid a thing as friendship, such ways — I say it subject to your Highness's displeasure — are dangerous. But in love, I have known cases where, carried to certain lengths, such ways of speaking undermined a woman's faith and led her to desperate things. Women, despite their strength, which often surprises us, are brittle creatures. Did you never, perhaps, make trial of this —— Magdalen, with ——

DUKE. With what? Good God, Diego, 'tis I who ask thy pardon; and thou sheddest a dreadful light upon the past. But it is not possible. I am not such a cur that, after all she did, after all she was, — my life saved by her audacity a hundred times, made rich and lovely by her love, her wit, her power, — that I could ever have whimpered for my freedom, or made her suspect I wanted it more than I wanted her? Is it possible, Diego?

DIEGO (*slowly*). Why more than you wanted her? She may have thought the two compatible.

DUKE. Never. First, because my escape could not be compassed save by her staying behind; and then because —— she knew, in fact, what thing I was, or must become, once set at liberty.

DIEGO (*after a pause*). I see. You mean, my Lord, that you being Duke of Mantua, while she —— If she knew that; knew it not merely as a fact, but as one knows the full savour of grief, — well, she was indeed the paragon you think; one might indeed say, bating one point, a virtuous woman.

DUKE. Thou hast understood, dear Diego, and I thank thee for it.

DIEGO. But I fear, my Lord, she did not know these things. Such as she, as yourself remarked, are not trained to conceive of duty, even in others. Passion moves them; and they believe in passion. You loved her; good. Why then, at Mantua as in Barbary. No, my dear Master, believe me; she had seen your love was turning stale, and set you free, rather than taste its staleness. Passion, like duty, has its pride; and even we waifs, as gypsies, have our point of honour.

DUKE. Stale! My love grown stale! You make me laugh, boy, instead of angering. Stale! You never knew her. She was not like a song — even your sweetest song — which, heard too often, cloys, its phrases dropping to senseless notes. She was like music, — the whole art: new modes, new melodies, new rhythms, with every day and hour, passionate or sad, or gay, or very quiet; more wondrous notes than in thy voice; and more strangely sweet, even when they grated, than the tone of those newfangled fiddles, which wound the ear and pour balm in, they make now at Cremona.

DIEGO. You loved her then, sincerely?

DUKE. Methinks it may be Diego now, tormenting his Master with needless questions. Loved her, boy! I love her.

A long pause. DIEGO *has covered his face, with a gesture as if about to speak. But the moon has suddenly risen from behind the poplars, and put scales of silver light upon the ripples of the lake, and a pale luminous mist around the palace. As the light invades the terrace, a sort of chill has come upon both speakers; they walk up and down further from one another.*

DIEGO. A marvellous story, dear Master. And I thank you from my heart for having told it me. I always loved you, and I thought I knew you. I know you better still, now. You are —— a most magnanimous prince.

DUKE. Alas, dear lad, I am but a poor prisoner of my duties; a poorer prisoner, and a sadder far, than there in Barbary —— O Diego, how I have longed for her! How deeply I still long, sometimes! But I open my eyes, force myself to stare reality in the face, whenever her image comes behind closed lids, driving her from me —— And to end my confession. At the beginning, Diego, there seemed in thy voice and manner something of *her ;* I saw her sometimes in thee, as children see the elves they fear and hope for in stains on walls and flickers on the path. And all thy wondrous power, thy miraculous cure — nay, forgive what seems ingratitude — was due, Diego, to my sick fancy making me see glances of her in thy eyes and hear her voice in thine. Not music but love, love's delusion, was what worked my cure.

DIEGO. Do you speak truly, Master? Was it so? And now?

DUKE. Now, dear lad, I am cured — completely; I know bushes from ghosts; and I know thee, dearest friend, to be Diego.

DIEGO. When these imaginations still held you, my Lord, did it ever happen that you wondered: what if the bush had been a ghost; if Diego had turned into — what was she called? ——

DUKE. Magdalen. My fancy never went so far, good Diego. There was a grain of reason left. But if it had —— Well, I should have taken Magdalen's hand, and said, " Welcome, dear sister. This is a world of spells; let us repeat some. Become henceforth my brother; be the Duke of Mantua's best and truest friend; turn into Diego, Magdalen."

The DUKE *presses* DIEGO'S *arm, and, letting it go, walks away into the moonlight with an enigmatic air. A long pause.*

Hark, they are singing within; the idle pages making songs to their ladies' eyebrows. Shall we go and listen?

(*They walk in the direction of the palace.*)

And (*with a little hesitation*) that makes me say, Diego, before we close this past of mine, and bury it for ever in our silence, that there is a little Moorish song, plaintive and quaint, she used to sing, which some day I will write down, and thou shalt sing it to me — on my deathbed.

DIEGO. Why not before? Speaking of songs, that mandolin, though out of tune, and vilely played, has got hold of a ditty I like well enough. Hark, the words are Tuscan, well known in the mountains. (*Sings.*)

I'd like to die, but die a little death only;
  I'd like to die, but look down from the window;
  I'd like to die, but stand upon the doorstep;

I'd like to die, but follow the procession ;
I'd like to die, but see who smiles and weepeth ;
I'd like to die, but die a little death only.

(*While* DIEGO *sings very loud, the mandolin inside the palace thrums faster and faster. As he ends, with a long defiant leap into a high note, a burst of applause from the palace.*

DIEGO (*clapping his hands*). Well sung, Diego !

ACT IV.

A few weeks later. The new music room in the Palace of Mantua. Windows on both sides admitting a view of the lake, so that the hall looks like a galley surrounded by water. Outside, morning: the lake, the sky, and the lines of poplars on the banks, are all made of various textures of luminous blue. From the gardens below, bay trees raise their flowering branches against the windows. In every window an antique statue: the Mantuan Muse, the Mantuan Apollo, etc. In the walls between the windows are framed panels representing allegorical triumphs: those nearest the spectator are the triumphs of Chastity and of Fortitude. At the end of the room, steps and a balustrade, with a harpsichord and double basses on a dais. The roof of the room is blue and gold; a deep blue ground, constellated with a gold labyrinth in relief. Round the cornice, blue and gold also, the inscription: "RECTAS PETO," *and the name* Ferdinandus Mantuae Dux.

The PRINCESS HIPPOLYTA *of Mirandola, cousin to the* DUKE; *and* DIEGO. HIPPOLYTA *is very young, but with the strength and grace, and the candour, rather of a beautiful boy than of a woman. She is dazzlingly fair; and her hair, arranged in waves like an antique amazon's, is stiff and lustrous, as if made of threads of gold. The brows are wide and straight, like a man's; the glance fearless, but virginal and almost childlike.* HIPPOLYTA *is dressed in black and gold, particoloured, like Mantegna's Duchess. An old man, in scholar's gown, the* Princess's Greek Tutor, *has just introduced* DIEGO *and retired.*

DIEGO. The Duke your cousin's greeting and service, illustrious damsel. His Highness bids me ask how you are rested after your journey hither.

PRINCESS. Tell my cousin, good Signor Diego, that I am touched at his concern for me. And tell him, such is the virtuous air of his abode, that a whole night's rest sufficed to right me from the fatigue of two hour's journey in a litter; for I am new to that exercise, being accustomed to follow my poor father's hounds and falcons only on horseback. You shall thank the Duke my cousin for his civility. (PRINCESS *laughs.*)

DIEGO (*bowing, and keeping his eyes on the* PRINCESS *as he speaks*). His Highness wished to make his fair cousin smile. He has told me often how your illustrious father, the late Lord of Mirandola, brought his only daughter up in such a wise as scarcely to lack a son, with manly disciplines of mind and body; and that he named you fittingly after Hippolyta, who was Queen of the Amazons, virgins unlike their vain and weakly sex.

PRINCESS. She was; and wife of Theseus. But it seems that the poets care but little for the like of her; they tell us nothing of her, compared with her poor predecessor, Cretan Ariadne, she who had given Theseus the clue of the labyrinth. Methinks that maze must have been mazier than this blue and gold one overhead. What say you, Signor Diego?

DIEGO (*who has started slightly*). Ariadne? Was she the predecessor of Hippolyta? I did not know it. I am but a poor scholar, Madam; knowing the names and stories of gods and heroes only from songs and masques. The Duke should have selected some fitter messenger to hold converse with his fair learned cousin.

PRINCESS (*gravely*). Speak not like that, Signor Diego. You may not be a scholar, as you say; but surely you are a philosopher. Nay, conceive my meaning: the fame of your virtuous equanimity has spread further than from this city to my small dominions. Your precocious wisdom — for you seem younger than I, and youths do not delight in being very wise — your moderation in the use of sudden greatness, your magnanimous treatment of enemies and detractors; and the manner in which, disdainful of all personal advantage, you have surrounded the Duke my cousin with wisest counsellors and men expert in office —— such are the results men seek from the study of philosophy.

DIEGO (*at first astonished*, *then amused*, *a little sadly*). You are mistaken, noble maiden. 'Tis not philosophy to refrain from things that do not tempt one. Riches or power are useless to me. As for the rest, you are mistaken also. The Duke is wise and valiant, and chooses therefore wise and valiant counsellors.

PRINCESS (*impetuously*). You are eloquent, Signor Diego, even as you are wise! But your words do not deceive me. Ambition lurks in every one; and power intoxicates all save those who have schooled themselves to use it as a means to virtue.

DIEGO. The thought had never struck me; but men have told me what you tell me now.

PRINCESS. Even Antiquity, which surpasses us so vastly in all manner of wisdom and heroism, can boast of very few like you. The noblest souls have grown tyrannical and rapacious and foolhardy in sudden elevation. Remember Alcibiades, the beloved pupil of the wisest of all mortals.

Signor Diego, you may have read but little; but you have meditated to much profit, and must have wrestled like some great athlete with all that baser self which the divine Plato has told us how to master.

DIEGO (*shaking his head*). Alas, Madam, your words make me ashamed, and yet they make me smile, being so far of the mark! I have wrestled with nothing; followed only my soul's blind impulses.

PRINCESS (*gravely*). It must be, then, dear Signor Diego, as the Pythagoreans held: the discipline of music is virtuous for the soul. There is a power in numbered and measured sound very akin to wisdom; mysterious and excellent; as indeed the Ancients fabled in the tales of Orpheus and Amphion, musicians and great sages and legislators of states. I have long desired your conversation, admirable Diego.

DIEGO (*with secret contempt*). Noble maiden, such words exceed my poor unscholarly appreciation. The antique worthies whom you name are for me merely figures in tapestries and frescoes, quaint greybeards in laurel wreaths and helmets; and I can scarcely tell whether the Ladies

Fortitude and Rhetoric with whom they hold converse, are real daughters of kings, or mere Arts and Virtues. But the Duke, a learned and judicious prince, will set due store by his youthful cousin's learning. As for me, simpleton and ignoramus that I am, all I see is that Princess Hippolyta is very beautiful and very young.

PRINCESS (*sighing a little, but with great simplicity*). I know it. I am young, and perhaps crude; although I study hard to learn the rules of wisdom. You, Diego, seem to know them without study.

DIEGO. I know somewhat of the world and of men, gracious Princess, but that can scarce be called knowing wisdom. Say rather knowing blindness, envy, cruelty, endless nameless folly in others and oneself. But why should you seek to be wise? you who are fair, young, a princess, and betrothed from your cradle to a great prince? Be beautiful, be young, be what you are, a woman.

DIEGO *has said this last word with emphasis, but the* PRINCESS *has not noticed the sarcasm in his voice.*

PRINCESS (*shaking her head*). That is not my lot. I was destined, as you said, to be the wife of a great prince; and my dear father trained me to fill that office.

DIEGO. Well, and to be beautiful, young, radiant; to be a woman; is not that the office of a wife?

PRINCESS. I have not much experience. But my father told me, and I have gathered from books, that in the wives of princes, such gifts are often thrown away; that other women, supplying them, seem to supply them better. Look at my cousin's mother. I can remember her still beautiful, young, and most tenderly loving. Yet the Duke, my uncle, disdained her, and all she got was loneliness and heartbreak. An honourable woman, a princess, cannot compete with those who study to please and to please only. She must either submit to being ousted from her husband's love, or soar above it into other regions.

DIEGO (*interested*). Other regions?

PRINCESS. Higher ones. She must be fit to be her husband's help, and to nurse his sons to valour and wisdom.

DIEGO. I see. The Prince must know that besides all the knights that he summons to battle, and all the wise men whom he hears in council, there is another knight, in rather lighter armour and quicker tired, another counsellor, less experienced and of less steady temper, ready for use. Is this great gain?

PRINCESS. It is strange that being a man, you should conceive of women from ——

DIEGO. From a man's standpoint?

PRINCESS. Nay; methinks a woman's. For I observe that women, when they wish to help men, think first of all of some transparent masquerade, donning men's clothes, at all events in metaphor, in order to be near their lovers when not wanted.

DIEGO (*hastily*). Donning men's clothes? A masquerade? I fail to follow your meaning, gracious maiden.

PRINCESS (*simply*). So I have learned at least from our poets. Angelica, and Bradamante and Fiordispina, scouring the country after their lovers, who were busy enough without them. I prefer Penelope, staying at home to save the lands and goods of Ulysses, and bringing up his son to rescue and avenge him.

DIEGO (*reassured and indifferent*). Did Ulysses love Penelope any better for it, Madam? better than poor besotted Menelaus, after all his injuries, loved Helen back in Sparta?

PRINCESS. That is not the question. A woman born to be a prince's wife and prince's mother, does her work not for the sake of something greater than love, whether much or little.

DIEGO. For what then?

PRINCESS. Does a well-bred horse or excellent falcon do its duty to please its master? No; but because such is its nature. Similarly, methinks, a woman bred to be a princess works with her husband, for her husband, not for any reward, but because he and she are of the same breed, and obey the same instincts.

DIEGO. Ah!—— Then happiness, love, —all that a woman craves for?

PRINCESS. Are accidents. Are they not so in the life of a prince? Love he may snatch; and she, being in woman's fashion not allowed to snatch, may receive as a gift, or not. But received or snatched, it is not either's business; not their nature's true fulfilment.

DIEGO. You think so Lady?

PRINCESS. I am bound to think so. I was born to it and taught it. You know the Duke, my cousin, — well, I am his bride, not being born his sister.

DIEGO. And you are satisfied? O beautiful Princess, you are of illustrious lineage and mind, and learned. Your father brought you up on Plutarch instead of Amadis; you know many things; but there is one, methinks, no one can know the nature of until he has it.

PRINCESS. What is that, pray?

DIEGO. A heart. Because you have not got one yet, you make your plans without it, — a negligible item in your life.

PRINCESS. I am not a child.

DIEGO. But not yet a woman.

PRINCESS (*meditatively*). You think, then ——

DIEGO. I do not *think;* I *know.* And *you* will know, some day. And then ——

PRINCESS. Then I shall suffer. Why, we must all suffer. Say that, having a heart, a heart for husband or child, means certain grief, — well, does not riding, walking down your stairs, mean the chance of broken bones? Does not living mean old age, disease, possible blindness or paralysis, and quite inevitable aches? If, as you say, I must needs grow a heart, and if a heart must needs give agony, why, I shall live through heartbreak as through pain in any other limb.

DIEGO. Yes, — were your heart a limb like all the rest, — but 'tis the very centre and fountain of all life.

PRINCESS. You think so? 'Tis, methinks, pushing analogy too far, and metaphor. This necessary organ, diffusing life throughout us, and, as physicians say, removing with its vigorous floods all that has ceased to live, replacing it with new and living tissue, — this great literal heart cannot be the seat of only one small passion.

DIEGO. Yet I have known more women than one die of that small passion's frustrating.

PRINCESS. But you have known also, I reckon, many a man in whom life, what he had to live for, was stronger than all love. They say the Duke my cousin's melancholy sickness was due to love which he had outlived.

DIEGO. They say so, Madam.

PRINCESS (*thoughtfully*). I think it possible, from what I know of him. He was much with my father when a lad; and I, a child, would listen to their converse, not understanding its items, but seeming to understand the general drift. My father often said my cousin was romantic, favoured overmuch his tender mother, and would suffer greatly, learning to live for valour and for wisdom.

DIEGO. Think you he has, Madam?

PRINCESS. If 'tis true that occasion has already come.

DIEGO. And — if that occasion came, for the first time or for the second, perhaps, after your marriage? What would you do, Madam?

PRINCESS. I cannot tell as yet. Help him, I trust, when help could come, by the sympathy of a soul's strength and serenity. Stand aside, most likely, waiting to be wanted. Or else ——

DIEGO. Or else, illustrious maiden?

PRINCESS. Or else — I know not — perhaps, growing a heart, get some use from it.

DIEGO. Your Highness surely does not mean use it to love with?

PRINCESS. Why not? It might be one way of help. And if I saw him struggling with grief, seeking to live the life and think the thought fit for his station; why, methinks I could love him. He seems loveable. Only love could have taught fidelity like yours.

DIEGO. You forget, gracious Princess, that you attributed great power of virtue to a habit of conduct, which is like the nature of high-bred horses, needing no spur. But in truth you are right. I am no high-bred creature. Quite the contrary. Like curs, I love; love, and only love. For curs are known to love their masters.

PRINCESS. Speak not thus, virtuous Diego. I have indeed talked in magnanimous fashion, and believed, sincerely, that I felt high resolves. But you have acted, lived, and done magnanimously. What you have been and are to the Duke is better schooling for me than all the Lives of Plutarch.

DIEGO. You could not learn from me, lady.

PRINCESS. But I would try, Diego.

DIEGO. Be not grasping, Madam. The generous coursers whom your father taught you to break and harness have their set of virtues. Those of curs are different. Do not grudge them those. Your noble horses kick them enough, without even seeing their presence. But I feel I am beyond my depth, not being philosophical by nature or schooling. And I had forgotten to give you part of his Highness's message. Knowing your love of music, and the attention you have given it, the Duke imagined it might divert you, till he was at leisure to pay you homage, to make trial of my poor powers. Will it please you to order the other musicians, Madam?

PRINCESS. Nay, good Diego, humour me in this. I have studied music, and would fain make trial of accompanying your voice. Have you notes by you?

DIEGO. Here are some, Madam, left for the use of his Highness's band this evening. Here is the pastoral of Phyllis by Ludovic of the Lute; a hymn in four parts to the Virgin by Orlandus Lassus; a madrigal by the Pope's Master, Signor Pierluigi of Praeneste. Ah! Here is a dramatic scene between Medea and Creusa, rivals in love by the Florentine Octavio. Have you knowledge of it, Madam?

PRINCESS. I have sung it with my master for exercise. But, good Diego, find a song for yourself.

DIEGO. You shall humour me, now, gracious Lady. Think I am your master. I desire to hear your voice. And who knows? In this small matter I may really teach you something.

The PRINCESS *sits to the harpsichord,* DIEGO *standing beside her on the dais. They sing, the* PRINCESS *taking the treble,* DIEGO *the contralto part. The* PRINCESS *enters first with a full-toned voice clear and high, singing very carefully.* DIEGO *follows, singing in a whisper. His voice is a little husky, and here and there broken, but ineffably delicious and penetrating, and, as he sings, becomes, without quitting the whisper, dominating and disquieting. The* PRINCESS *plays a wrong chord, and breaks off suddenly.*

DIEGO (*having finished a cadence, rudely*). What is it, Madam?

PRINCESS. I know not. I have lost my place —— I —— I feel bewildered. When your voice rose up against mine, Diego, I lost my head. And — I do not know how to express it — when our voices met in that held dissonance, it seemed as if you hurt me —— horribly.

DIEGO (*smiling, with hypocritical apology*).

Forgive me, Madam. I sang too loud, perhaps. We theatre singers are apt to strain things. I trust some day to hear you sing alone. You have a lovely voice: more like a boy's than like a maiden's still.

PRINCESS. And yours —— 'tis strange that at your age we should reverse the parts, — yours, though deeper than mine, is like a woman's.

DIEGO (*laughing*). I have grown a heart, Madam; 'tis an organ grows quicker where the breed is mixed and lowly, no nobler limbs retarding its development by theirs.

PRINCESS. Speak not thus, excellent Diego. Why cause me pain by disrespectful treatment of a person — your own admirable self — whom I respect? You have experience, Diego, and shall teach me many things, for I desire learning.

The PRINCESS *takes his hand in both hers, very kindly and simply.* DIEGO, *disengaging his, bows very ceremoniously.*

DIEGO. Shall I teach you to sing as I do, gracious Madam?

PRINCESS (*after a moment*). I think not, Diego.

ACT V.

Two months later. The wedding day of the DUKE *Another part of the palace of Mantua. A long terrace still to be seen, with roof supported by columns. It looks on one side on to the jousting ground, a green meadow surrounded by clipped hedges and set all round with mulberry trees. On the other side it overlooks the lake, against which, as a fact, it acts as dyke. The Court of Mantua and Envoys of foreign Princes, together with many Prelates, are assembled on the terrace, surrounding the seats of the* DUKE, *the young* DUCHESS HIPPOLYTA, *the* DUCHESS DOWAGER *and the* CARDINAL. *Facing this gallery, and separated from it by a line of sedge and willows, and a few yards of pure green water, starred with white lilies, is a stage in the shape of a Grecian temple, apparently rising out of the lake. Its pediment and columns are slung with garlands of bay and cypress. In the gable, the* DUKE'S *device of a labyrinth in gold on a blue ground and the motto: "Rectas peto." On the stage, but this side of the curtain, which is down, are a number of* Musicians *with violins, viols, theorbs, a hautboy, a flute, a bassoon, viola d'amore and bass viols, grouped round two men with double basses and a man at a harpsichord, in dress like the musicians in Veronese's paintings. They are preluding gently, playing elaborately fugued variations on a dance tune in three-eighth time, rendered singularly plaintive by the absence of perfect closes.*

CARDINAL (*to* VENETIAN AMBASSADOR). What say you to our Diego's masque, my

Lord? Does not his skill as a composer vie almost with his subtlety as a singer?

MARCHIONESS OF GUASTALLA (*to the* DUCHESS DOWAGER). A most excellent masque, methinks, Madam. And of so new a kind. We have had masques in palaces and also in gardens, and some, I own it, beautiful; for our palace on the hill affords fine vistas of cypress avenues and the distant plain. But, until the Duke your son, no one has had a masque on the water, it would seem. 'Tis doubtless his invention?

DUCHESS (*with evident preoccupation*). I think not, Madam. 'Tis our foolish Diego's freak. And I confess I like it not. It makes me anxious for the players.

BISHOP OF CREMONA (*to the* CARDINAL). A wondrous singer, your Signor Diego. They say the Spaniards have subtle exercises for keeping the voice thus youthful. His Holiness has several such who sing divinely under Pierluigi's guidance. But your Diego seems really but a child, yet has a mode of singing like one who knows a world of joys and sorrows.

CARDINAL. He has. Indeed, I sometimes think he pushes the pathetic quality too far. I am all for the Olympic serenity of the wise Ancients.

YOUNG DUCHESS (*laughing*). My uncle would, I almost think, exile our divine Diego, as Plato did the poets, for moving us too much.

PRINCE OF MASSA (*whispering*). He has moved your noble husband strangely. Or is it, gracious bride, that too much happiness overwhelms our friend?

YOUNG DUCHESS (*turning round and noticing the Duke, a few seats off*). 'Tis true. Ferdinand is very sensitive to music, and is greatly concerned for our Diego's play. Still —— I wonder ——.

MARCHIONESS (*to the* DUKE OF FERRARA'S POET, *who is standing near her*). I really never could have recognised Signor Diego in his disguise. He looks for all the world exactly like a woman.

POET. A woman! Say a goddess, Madam! Upon my soul (*whispering*), the bride is scarce as beautiful as he, although as fair as one of the noble swans who sail on those clear waters.

JESTER. After the play we shall see admiring dames trooping behind the scenes to learn the secret of the paints which can change a scrubby boy into a beauteous nymph; a metamorphosis worth twenty of Sir Ovid's.

DOGE'S WIFE (*to the* DUKE). They all tell me — but 'tis a secret naturally — that the words of this ingenious masque are from Your Highness's own pen; and that you helped — such are your varied gifts — your singing-page to set them to music.

DUKE (*impatiently*). It may be that your Serenity is rightly informed, or not.

KNIGHT OF MALTA (*to* YOUNG DUCHESS). One recognises, at least, the mark of Duke Ferdinand's genius in the suiting of the play to the surroundings. Given these lakes, what fitter argument than Ariadne abandoned on her little island? And the labyrinth in the story is a pretty allusion to your lord's personal device and the magnificent ceiling he lately designed for our admiration.

YOUNG DUCHESS (*with her eyes fixed on the curtain, which begins to move*). Nay, 'tis all Diego's thought. Hush, they begin to play. Oh, my heart beats with curiosity to know how our dear Diego will carry his invention through, and to hear the last song which he has never let me hear him sing.

The curtain is drawn aside, displaying the stage, set with orange and myrtle trees in jars, and a big flowering oleander. There is no painted background; but instead, the lake, with distant shore, and the sky with the sun slowly descending into clouds, which light up purple and crimson, and send rosy streamers into the high blue air. On the stage a rout of Bacchanals, *dressed like Mantegna's Hours, but with vine-garlands; also* Satyrs *quaintly dressed in goatskins, but with top-knots of ribbons, all singing a Latin Ode in praise of Bacchus and wine; while girls dressed as Nymphs, with ribboned thyrsi in their hands, dance a pavana before a throne of moss overhung by ribboned garlands. On this throne are seated a* Tenor *as* Bacchus, *dressed in russet and leopard skins, a garland of vine leaves round his waist and round his wide-brimmed hat; and* DIEGO, *as* ARIADNE. DIEGO, *no longer habited as a man, but in woman's garments, like those of Guercino's Sibyls: a floating robe and vest of orange and violet, open at the throat; with particoloured scarves hanging, and a particoloured scarf wound like a turban round the head, the locks of dark hair escaping from beneath. She is extremely beautiful.*

MAGDALEN *(sometime known as* DIEGO, *now representing* ARIADNE) *rises from the throne and speaks, turning to* Bacchus. *Her voice is a contralto, but not deep, and with upper notes like a hautboy's. She speaks in an irregular recitative, sustained by chords on the viols and harpsichord.*

ARIADNE. Tempt me not, gentle Bacchus, sunburnt god of ruddy vines and rustic revelry. The gifts you bring, the queenship of the world of wine-inspired Fancies, cannot quell my grief at Theseus' loss.

BACCHUS (*tenor*). Princess, I do beseech you, give me leave to try and soothe your anguish. Daughter of Cretan Minos, stern Judge of the Departed, your rearing has been too sad for youth and beauty, and the shade of Orcus has ever lain across your path. But I am God of Gladness; I can take your soul, suspend it in Mirth's sun, even as the grapes, translucent amber or rosy, hang from the tendril in the ripening sun of the crisp autumn day. I can unwind your soul, and string it in the serene sky of evening, smiling in the deep blue like to the stars, encircled, I offer you as crown. Listen, fair nymph : 'tis a God woos you.

ARIADNE. Alas, radiant Divinity of a time of year gentler than Spring and fruitfuller than Summer, there is no Autumn for hapless Ariadne. Only Winter's nights and frosts wrap my soul. When Theseus went, my youth went also. I pray you leave me to my poor tears and the thoughts of him.

BACCHUS. Lady, even a God, and even a lover, must respect your grief. Farewell. Comrades, along; the pine trees on the hills, the ivy-wreaths upon the rocks, await your company; and the red-stained vat, the heady-scented oak-wood, demand your presence.

The Bacchantes *and* Satyrs *sing a Latin ode in praise of Wine, in four parts, with accompaniment of bass-viols and lutes, and exeunt with* Bacchus.

YOUNG DUCHESS (*to* DUKE OF FERRARA'S POET). Now, now, Master Torquato, now we shall hear Poetry's own self sing with our Diego's voice.

DIEGO, *as* ARIADNE, *walks slowly up and down the stage, while the viola plays a prelude in the minor. Then she speaks, recitative with chords only by strings and harpsichord.*

ARIADNE. They are gone at last. Kind creatures, how their kindness fretted my weary soul! To be alone with grief is almost pleasure, since grief means thought of Theseus. Yet that thought is killing me. O Theseus, why didst thou ever come into my life? Why did not the cruel Minotaur gore and trample thee like all the others? Hapless Ariadne! The clue was in my keeping, and I reached it to him. And now his ship has long since neared his native shores, and he stands on the prow, watching for his new love. But the Past belongs to me.

A flute rises in the orchestra, with viols accompanying, pizzicati, and plays three or four bars of intricate mazy passages, very sweet and poignant, stopping on a high note, with imperfect close.

ARIADNE (*continuing*). And in the past he loved me, and he loves me still. Nothing can alter that. Nay, Theseus, thou canst never never love another like me.

Arioso. The declamation becomes more melodic though still unrhythmical, and is accompanied by a rapid and passionate tremolo of violins and viols.

And thy love for her will be but the thin ghost of the reality that lived for me. But Theseus —— Do not leave me yet. Another hour, another minute. I have so much to tell thee, dearest, ere thou goest.

Accompaniment more and more agitated. A hautboy echoes ARIADNE'S *last phrase with poignant reedy tone.*

Thou knowest, I have not yet sung thee that little song thou lovest to hear of evenings; the little song made by the Aeolian Poetess whom Apollo loved when in her teens. And thou canst not go away till I have sung it. See! my lute. But I must tune it. All is out of tune in my poor jangled life.

Lute solo in the orchestra. A Siciliana or slow dance, very delicate and simple. ARIADNE *sings.*

SONG.

Let us forget we loved each other much;
  Let us forget we ever have to part;
Let us forget that any look or touch
  Once let in either to the other's heart.

Only we'll sit upon the daisied grass,
  And hear the larks and see the swallows pass;
Only we'll live awhile, as children play,
  Without to-morrow, without yesterday.

During the ritornello, between the two verses,

POET (*to the* YOUNG DUCHESS, *whispering*). Madam, methinks his Highness is unwell. Turn round, I pray you.

YOUNG DUCHESS (*without turning*). He feels the play's charm. Hush.

DUCHESS DOWAGER (*whispering*). Come Ferdinand, you are faint. Come with me.

DUKE (*whispering*). Nay, mother. It will pass. Only a certain oppression at the heart, I was once subject to. Let us be still.

SONG (*repeats*).

Only we'll live awhile, as children play,
Without to-morrow, without yesterday.

A few bars of ritornello after the song.

DUCHESS DOWAGER (*whispering*). Courage, my son, I know all.

ARIADNE (*Recitative with accompaniment of violins, flute and harp*). Theseus, I've sung my song. Alas, alas for our poor songs we sing to the beloved, and vainly try to vary into newness!

A few notes of the harp well up, slow and liquid.

Now I can go to rest, and darkness lap my weary heart. Theseus, my love, good night!

Violins tremolo. The hautboy suddenly enters with a long wailing phrase. ARIADNE *quickly mounts on to the back of the stage, turns round for one second, waving a kiss to an imaginary person, and then flings herself down into the lake.*

A great burst of applause. Enter immediately, and during the cries and clapping, a chorus of Water-Nymphs *in transparent veils and garlands of willows and lilies, which sings to a solemn counterpoint, the dirge of Ariadne. But their singing is barely audible through the applause of the whole Court, and the shouts of* "DIEGO! DIEGO! ARIADNE! ARIADNE!" *The young* DUCHESS *rises excitedly, wiping her eyes.*

YOUNG DUCHESS. Dear friend! Diego! Diego! Our Orpheus, come forth!

CROWD. Diego! Diego!

POET (*to the* POPE'S LEGATE). He is a real artist, and scorns to spoil the play's impression by truckling to this foolish habit of applause.

MARCHIONESS. Still, a mere singer, a page —— when his betters call ——. But see! the Duke has left our midst.

CARDINAL. He has gone to bring back Diego in triumph, doubtless.

VENETIAN AMBASSADOR. And, I note, his venerable mother has also left us. I doubt whether this play has not offended her strict widow's austerity.

YOUNG DUCHESS. But where is Diego, meanwhile?

The Chorus and orchestra continue the dirge for Ariadne. A Gentleman-in-waiting *elbows through the the crowd to the* CARDINAL.

GENTLEMAN (*whispering*). Most Eminent, a word ——

CARDINAL (*whispering*). The Duke has had a return of his malady?

GENTLEMAN (*whispering*). No, most Eminent. But Diego is nowhere to be found. And they have brought up behind the stage the body of a woman in Ariadne's weeds.

CARDINAL (*whispering*). Ah, is that all? Discretion, pray. I knew it. But 'tis a most distressing accident. Discretion above all.

The Chorus suddenly breaks off. For on to the stage comes the DUKE. *He is dripping, and bears in his arms the dead body, drowned, of* DIEGO, *in the garb of* ARIADNE. *A shout from the crowd.*

YOUNG DUCHESS (*with a cry, clutching the* POET'S *arm*). Diego!

DUKE (*stooping over the body, which he has laid upon the stage, and speaking very low*). Magdalen!

(*The curtain is hastily closed.*)

THE END.

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By

MARGARET L. WOODS

The Bibelot

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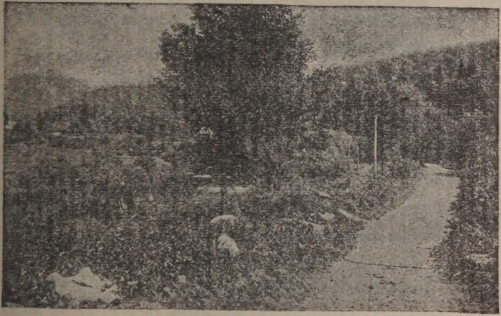

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IN *that* magnum opus *of appreciative criticism and citation which Mr. William Archer compiled and Mr. John Lane published in 1902 — the* Poets of the Younger Generation, — *the name of Margaret L. Woods is represented, although of necessity quotations from her slender books of verse are restricted to the limitations governing such anthologies. Conceivably as the author of* A Village Tragedy *and of five other volumes of almost equally sustained fiction*[1] *the poet is far less known both here and in England than the merit of her lyrical but limited output would presuppose.*

Conceding this fact which should occasion no surprise, it is as poet that we present Mrs. Woods to our readers, with sufficient evidence of her enduring quality here given to make good our claim. As far back as 1888 the private press of Henry Daniel of Oxford issued her slender

---

[1] *1 A Village Tragedy, 1887. 2 Esther Vanhomrigh, 1891. 3 The Vagabonds, 1894. 4 Weeping Ferry and Other Stories, 1898. 5 Sons of the Sword, 1901. 6 The King's Revoke, 1905.*

sheaf of Lyrics, *(limited to one hundred and twenty-five impressions, the copy we possess having a very lovely little vignette in water-colors inserted at the initial line of* Rest,*) which was reprinted a year later with additional pieces as* Lyrics and Ballads. *Later on two diminutive verse-pamphlets were put forth together with a dramatic poem all in the same year, the sum total of her poetic work coming to its close in a five act tragedy.*[2]

There is a very genuine virility in Gaudeamus Igitur, *a sombre sense of the soul's extinguishment in* "Again I Saw Another Angel," *of tears in mortal things that perish in "Alas! the little child is dead," —poems, to name these three alone, which will go far to place their author with the singers whose songs are not all sung.*

---

[2] *1 Lyrics. Oxford: H. Daniels, 4to, 1888. 2 Lyrics and Ballads. London: Bentley, Cr., 8vo, 1889. 3 Songs. Oxford: H Daniel, Sq. 16mo, wrappers, 1896. 4 Aëromancy and Other Poems. London: Cr., 8vo, wrappers, 1896. 5 Wild Justice. A Dramatic Poem. Cr., 8vo., wrappers, 1896. 6 The Princess of Hanover. Cr., 8vo, 1902.*

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I THALASSIUS II ON THE CLIFFS
BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE·

LYRICS
By
MARGARET L. WOODS.

L'ENVOI.

Like the wreath the poet sent
To the lady of old time,
Roses that were discontent
With their brief unhonoured prime,
Crown he hoped she might endow
With the beauty of her brow;
Even so for you I blent,
Send to you my wreath of rhyme.

These alas! be blooms less bright,
Faded buds that never blew,
Darkling thoughts that seek the light—
Let them find it finding you.
Bid these petals pale unfold
On your heart their hearts of gold,
Sweetness for your sole delight,
Love for odour, tears for dew.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

COME, no more of grief and dying!
Sing the time too swiftly flying.
Just an hour
Youth's in flower,
Give me roses to remember
In the shadow of December.

Fie on steeds with leaden paces!
Winds shall bear us on our races,
Speed, O speed,
Wind, my steed,
Beat the lightning for your master,
Yet my Fancy shall fly faster.

Give me music, give me rapture,
Youth that's fled can none recapture;
Not with thought
Wisdom's bought.
Out on pride and scorn and sadness!
Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Sweetest Earth, I love and love thee,
Seas about thee, skies above thee,
Sun and storms,
Hues and forms
Of the clouds with floating shadows
On thy mountains and thy meadows.

Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,
Not thy lords it is that have thee ;
Not for gold
Art thou sold,
But thy lovers at their pleasure
Take thy beauty and thy treasure.

While sweet fancies meet me singing,
While the April blood is springing
In my breast,
While a jest
And my youth thou yet must leave me,
Fortune, 'tis not thou canst grieve me.

When at length the grasses cover
Me, the world's unwearied lover,
If regret
Haunt me yet,
It shall be for joys untasted,
Nature lent and folly wasted.

Youth and jests and summer weather,
Goods that kings and clowns together
Waste or use
As they choose,
These, the best, we miss pursuing
Sullen shades that mock our wooing.

Feigning Age will not delay it —
When the reckoning comes we'll pay it,
Own our mirth
Has been worth
All the forfeit light or heavy
Wintry Time and Fortune levy.

Feigning grief will not escape it,
What though ne'er so well you ape it —
Age and care
All must share,
All alike must pay hereafter,
Some for sighs and some for laughter.

Know, ye sons of Melancholy,
To be young and wise is folly.
'Tis the weak
Fear to wreak
On this clay of life their fancies,
Shaping battles, shaping dances.

While ye scorn our names unspoken,
Roses dead and garlands broken,
O ye wise,
We arise,
Out of failures, dreams, disasters,
We arise to be your masters.

TO THE FORGOTTEN DEAD.

To the forgotten dead,
Come, let us drink in silence ere we part.
To every fervent yet resolvèd heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its stately fabric overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace.
To the unhonoured dead.

To the forgotten dead,
Whose dauntless hands were stretched to grasp the rein
Of Fate and hurl into the void again
Her thunder-hoofèd horses, rushing blind
Earthward along the courses of the wind.
Among the stars, along the wind in vain
Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed,
And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.
To the thrice-perished dead.

THE SONG OF THE LUTE PLAYER.

STILL as a star came to my breast
A joy unbidden,
Not to be known, not to be guessed,
So fair, so hidden ;
And now within 'tis like the starry night,
The unimagined pure ethereal height,
Trembling in loneliness at its own light.

Heaven of my joy, fair though thou art,
A light for ever,
Yet there's a grief hid in my heart
Like the great river.
At times a little while it seems to sleep,
And then a voice cries to it from the deep,
And all its floods over my spirit sweep.

Hast thou a joy? Though but a flower
O maiden, bring it.
Though but a dream of morning hour,
Yet will I sing it.
And as a bird that calls its mate my strain
— Listen, the lute begins like falling rain —
Shall call the Spring and Spring return again.

Hast thou a fear hid in thy heart,
A sorrow sleeping ?

Light though it be, soon to depart,
I'll sing it weeping.
The ruined shrines shall answer as I sing,
In hollow tombs of many an ancient king
Forgotten woes shall waken murmuring.

Then in my song, maiden, I'll weave
The world's emotion,
Passion of souls that laugh and grieve,
And Earth and Ocean.
The silver spheres shall hush awhile their quire,
Saying, "Return, lost star of our desire,
Lend us again thy music and thy fire."

Only my joy, only my pain
May not be spoken.
These would I tell, earthward again
The songdrops broken.
Sleeping I dream my joy, my sorrow sing.
I wake — the lonely night is listening
To one long sigh, breathed from a shattered string.

THE SONGS OF MYRTIS.

I.

LEND me the lyre again,
The long forsaken!
One tone it must retain,
One song of all the store
I gave to it of yore
Sleeps there to waken.

Wreathe me the lyre again!
Moonflowers and sorrel
Gather by stream and plain,
Weaving a thousand flowers
Under the wild-rose bowers,
But not the laurel.

Give me the lyre again!
As Heaven that sent it
Sucks from the earth her rain,
So from the trembling lyre
My soul shall drink the fire
That once she lent it.

II.

LEND me thy wings, O dove,
But for a day,
And I will fly away,
Fly to my love.
Fearst thou I shall delay?
Ah no, thou needst not fear,
Because though I should stay
But for a moment's space,
To look upon his face,
I shall return with love enough to last a year.

III.

WHEN the world's asleep,
I awake and weep,
Deeply sighing say,
"Come, O break of day,
Lead my feet in my beloved's way."

When the morning breaks,
When the world awakes,
Then a dream too dear
Haunts me like a fear,
And as one in sleep I linger here.

If some star of heaven
Led him by at even,
If some magic fate
Brought him, should I wait,
Or fly within and bid them close the gate?

IV.

THE weary moon goes down into the West
As one that fain would rest,
And nothing now is waking in the skies
Except the luminous eyes
Of stars that watch thee where thou wanderest.
Wilt thou not also rest?

Now all the earth lies hushed in shadowy sleep,
City and plain and steep;
Only the river journeying from afar
Towards the Northern star
Rolls through the slumbering world its waters deep,
That whisper to thee "Sleep."

And now is peace in that belovèd breast,
Peace, the long absent guest;
For fear is dead, and sorrow sleeps forgot,
Love only slumbers not,
Love wakes for thee that doubting tarriest.
Wilt thou not also rest?

"AGAIN I SAW ANOTHER ANGEL."

I DREAMED a dream within a dream.
An angel cinctured with the gleam
Of topaz and of Chrysoprase,
And circled with the lambent rays
That lightened from his sheathless sword,
Leapt into heaven's deserted ways,
And cried, "The message of the Lord."

Then suddenly the earth was white
With faces turned towards his light.
The nations' pale expectancy
Sobbed far beneath him like the sea,
But men exulted in their dread,
And drunken with an awful glee
Beat at the portals of the dead.

I saw this monstrous grave the earth
Shake with a spasm as though of birth,
And shudder with a sullen sound,
As though the dead stirred in the ground.
And that great angel girt with flame
Cried till the heavens were rent around,
"Come forth ye dead!" — Yet no man came.

Then there was silence overhead:
But far below the ancient dead

Muttered as if in mockery;
And there was darkness in the sky,
And rolling through the realm of death,
Laughter and some obscure reply,
With tongues that none interpreteth.

Ay, laugh ye undeluded dead!
The wrathful vintagers that tread
The wine-press of the world ye know.
How often shall your graves below
Rock to the thunder of their feet?
The angels of the whirlwind sow
Fierce seed the children take for wheat?

O seed of blood! O seed of tears,
Thick sown through all our human years,
What harvest do the days return?
New thorns to break, new tares to burn,
New angels sent on earth to reap.
This is the recompense we earn —
Lie still, ye dead, lie still and sleep.

A BALLADE OF THE NIGHT.

Far from the earth the deep-descended day
Lies dim in hidden sanctuaries of sleep.
The winged winds couched on the threshold keep
Uneasy watch, and still expectant stay
The voice that bids their rushing host delay
No more to rise, and with tempestuous power
Rend the wide veil of heaven. Long watching they
Sigh in the silence of the midnight hour.

Hark ! where the forests slow in slumber sway
Below the blue wild ridges, steep on steep,
Thronging the sky — how shuddering as they leap
The impetuous waters go their fated way,
And mourn in mountain chasms, and as they stray
By many a magic town and marble tower,
As those that still unreconciled obey,
Sigh in the silence of the midnight hour.

Listen — the quiet darkness doth array
The toiling earth, and there is time to weep —
A deeper sound is mingled with the sweep
Of streams and winds that whisper far away.
Oh listen ! where the populous cities lay
Low in the lap of sleep their ancient dower,
The changeless spirit of our changeful clay
Sighs in the silence of the midnight hour.

Sigh, watcher for a dawn remote and gray,
Mourn, journeyer to an undesirèd deep,
Eternal sower, thou that shalt not reap,
Immortal, whom the plagues of God devour.
Mourn — 'tis the hour when thou wert wont to pray.
Sigh in the silence of the midnight hour.

TASSO TO LEONORA.

I.

REPROACH me not because the many chide,
Calling me prouder than an Emperor's son,
For so the shepherds called Endymion,
When he had won the mateless moon to bride.
Proud?—Oh, a monarch must forget his pride,
On whom the light of such a love hath shone,
Showing him worth but dim oblivion,
A mortal set at an Immortal's side.

Rather one face, one hour, one master-thought
Stamped on the body and soul of him he bore,
And the world's business like a distant roar
To that tense mind his slackened senses brought.
And men he scorned not, save as the unborn
Or the forgetful dead sleeping appear to scorn.

II.

No, there is none in all the earth save thee,
And never was, not through the length of time.
One is the sea whose everlasting chime
Cradles the world, however variously
Named on its sundered shores, and thou, my sea,
Streamest through every spiritual clime;
The kings of thought, the laurelled lords of rhyme,
Are names of thine or silent shades to me,

Thou to this heart canst never more be mute,
Though of that dumb fraternity of Death,
While there is sweetness in the viol and lute
And power in speech of man, and while with breath
Drawn from the world's worn air I fan the flame
That shatters and consumes and re-creates this frame.

III.

I SHALL forget thee—yes, I shall forget
Thee and the Heavens that glorify the night,
Those silver summits trembling in the light
Of the descended moon, suns that have set,
Earth and the shoreless waters, all that yet
Has winged my soul for her tempestuous flight—
And dreams they send to seek me shall but light
On some gray stone wreathed with the violet.

Mingling thy dust with men that knew thee not,
Of me forgetful then thou'lt not complain,
And all we were shall be so much forgot
They who the history of our days rehearse
Shall call my grief a phantom of the brain,
Thy name a flower wrought on a poet's verse.

IV.

Thou art a sword that's sheathèd in my heart,
To be by no adventure drawn again,
A divine vintage flooding every vein
With an immortal joy, even such thou art.
The Mænad Hours amid their dancing start
With haggard eyes from that empurpling stain.—
"See! Is it wine or blood?" they shriek in vain,
And heavily with garments dyed depart.

The Muse's self, the fierce relentless Muse
Art thou, that doth in love of man delight,
Kindling upon the lips her kisses choose
A flame that shall eternally be bright,
Fanned by Mnemosynè with fervent breath,
And watched by those grim guardians, Time and
Death.

REST.

To spend the long warm days
Silent beside the silent-stealing streams,
To see, not gaze,
To hear, not listen, thoughts exchanged for dreams:

See clouds that slowly pass
Trailing their shadows o'er the far faint down,
And ripening grass,
While yet the meadows wear their starry crown:

To hear the breezes sigh
Cool in the silver leaves like falling rain,
Pause and go by,
Tired wanderers o'er the solitary plain:

See far from all affright
Shy river creatures play hour after hour,
And night by night
Low in the West the white moon's folding flower.

Thus lost to human things,
To blend at last with Nature and to hear
What song she sings
Low to herself when there is no one near.

THE EARTH ANGEL.

BELOVED spirit, whom the angels miss,
While those heaven-wand'ring wings thou foldest here,
Love musing on thee, Love whose shadow is fear,
Divines thee born of fairer worlds than this,
And fain ere long to re-assume their bliss.
Stay, wingèd soul! for earth, this human sphere,
Claims thee her own, her light that storms swept clear,
Her righteousness that love, not peace, shall kiss.
'Twas out of time thou camest to be ours,
And dead men made thee in the darkling years,
Thy tenderness they bought for thee with tears,
Pity with pain that nothing could requite,
And all thy sweetness springs like later flowers
Thick on the field of some forgotten fight.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Alas! the little child is dead.
O sorrow for the downy head
That used to keep his mother's arm
And bosom warm,
And now the chilling earth instead
Must hide, for he is dead!

Mourn mothers, ye who know how sweet
They were, the blossom-coloured feet
That in our dusty pathways yet
No print had set,
So that the world will scarcely mark
Their little track into the dark.
Only for one the baby feet
Have left earth incomplete.

They coldly lie, but she before
The hearth will chafe them now no more,
Nor swing the boy to let him leap,
Who scarce could creep,
In dainty dance upon the floor:
For all his play-time's o'er.

Nor from that slumber where he lies
Shall he with blue half-wakened eyes,
Stir at her shadow o'er him thrown
Or rustling gown,

And dream a smile because her face
Flits through some visionary place.
She need no longer still her cries
    Lest he unclose his eyes.

When last she wept — how many years
Ago it seems ! — he dried her tears
With wandering touches velvet-sleek
    Upon her cheek.
Now on his fragile breast she bows
Her shaken mouth and heavy brows,
And holds him fast, while he nor fears
    Nor wonders at her tears.

Ye mothers, let her not alone
Make on this little dust her moan,
Be near with looks of love and touch
    Not over-much
Her quivering grief with words, but wend
With her to-day made more than friend
By ancient mysteries of Earth,
By solemn pangs of death and birth,
Made consecrate, apart, unknown
    Save unto you alone.

How lightly borne the little bier,
With all its flowers ! And what is here,
That ye in long procession go,
    Sombre and slow,

As who at famous obsequies
Mourn for a world bereaved? The wise
Will ask in wonder and recall
Some larger grief, or prodigal
Rich waste of Nature; year by year
Things born to disappear.

But here, within this narrow hearse
The mystery of the Universe
Doth house as kingly and secure
As vast and sure
As in the marble or the lead
That hold the world-subduing dead.
Its bare inscription doth contain
More than philosophers explain,
Or mightier poets can rehearse,
Making immortal verse.

And who is she with veilëd head?
She had a name, but now instead
Another. What she was before
She is no more,
Nor what she shall be. In her mind
By ways unknown she seems to wind,
Some endless lapse of time to tread
Slowly behind the dead.

Ay, this beyond her thought is true.
The seas have shaped their shores anew,
And stars in other courses roll
    About the pole,
Since first this mourning way she went.
In Babylon she made lament,
And hath her ancient sorrow hid
Neath an Egyptian pyramid;
Yet shall through countries waste and new
    The unchanging road pursue.

She mightier names and powers hath known,
For lilies on her pathway strown,
Out of the unsounded gulf of Heaven
    The stars were given.
The deep of Earth's divine desire
Surged round her feet in argent fire,
Its passionate rumour, soft, immense,
Rose up to her through frankincense;
She took the moon and Hera's throne,
    And Aphrodite's zone.

Through warring chaos, primal gloom,
Promethean shape she seems to loom,
Kindling her hearth with holier flame.
    Around it came
Man that was beast, and where it burned
For strife he human order learned,

She first his shelter, she the nurse
Of all he is, for her the curse
Sprung where he made her blessings room —
    The chain, the Titan's doom.

Adorn with flowers the darkling gate
Where things majestic pass, with state
Religious and with mourning eyes
    Your ministries
Perform, ye mothers. Tell aloud
How that the glorious and the proud
The world's deep wave a moment ride
Like foam, and fade upon its tide.
Tell them that Life alone is great,
    And Love and mortal Fate.

GENIUS LOCI.

PEACE, Shepherd, peace! What boots it singing on?
Since long ago grace-giving Phœbus died,
And all the train that loved the stream-bright side
Of the poetic mount with him are gone
Beyond the shores of Styx and Acheron,
In unexplorèd realms of night to hide.
The clouds that strew their shadows far and wide
Are all of Heaven that visits Helicon.

Yet here, where never muse or god did haunt,
Still may some nameless power of Nature stray,
Pleased with the reedy stream's continual chant
And purple pomp of these broad fields in May.
The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine,
And careless pass him by whose is the gift divine.

TO THE EARTH.

MISTRESS and slave of the sun,
Dancer with shining feet,
Gladly thou springest to greet
The year that is new begun.
Huntress who fliest with fleet
Hounds of the glittering air,
Again thou risest to chase the phantom year to its lair.

Long ere the threescore and ten
Pass us, the sum of our years,
Empty their pageant appears,
Old to the children of men.
April with laughter and tears
Tells a monotonous tale,
Winds of the Autumn in vain wildly and solemnly wail.

Thou whom the ages bereave
Autumn on Autumn, behold,
Thou art not weary or cold;
Eagerly dost thou receive
Sunshine and rain as of old,
Comest again as a bride
Crowned with immortal delight, dead to the years that have died.

Hear, O ye planets, her voice!
The vast and jubilant strain
Mountain and ocean and plain
Utter when she doth rejoice.
Surely the sound shall attain
Through sunless spaces afar,
Till it touch the silver heart of some high enthronèd star.

No — for thyself is the tale,
But for thine own hast thou sung.
Often the meadows among,
Laid by the stream in the frail
Shadow of April, there rung
Round me the voice of delight,
Murmur immense of the Earth joying alone in her might.

Once like a lover I heard,
Once like a lover I pressed
Kiss after kiss on thy breast,
Once all the rapture that stirred,
Streamed from the South and the West,
Flamed from the field and the sky,
Seemed for my heart to exult, seemed to my soul to reply.

Ah, could one bosom, one brain
Half of thine ecstasy hold?

Lifetime of mortal unfold
One of thy mysteries? Vain,
Vain was the dream. As of old
Messengers worn with the way
Fell at the Delphian's gate, fall I before thee to-day.

Hark how the Pythoness cries!
Priest to interpret is none,
Never a word to be won
Out of the rushing replies
Echoes pursue ere they're done.
Only I know 'twas a song
Passed me, escaped ere it taught me too the joy of the strong.

Well mayst thou, Mother, be glad,
Great in a quenchless belief,
Well may we grow in our brief
Journey indifferent or sad.
Witnessing often the leaf
Broaden and wither, we see
Never the full up-shoot and branching growth of the tree.

Thou hearest the giant heart
Of a forest beating low
In the seed that faint winds sow
On an island far apart;

And thou canst measure the slow
Lapse of the glittering sea,
Where it falls and clings round the land like a robe
at a bather's knee.

Yea, thou hast witnessed the whole
Agelong up-building of things;
Through the ephemeral Springs
One indestructible soul,
Sleepless, unwearied, that brings
Order from chaos at length,
Out of the fading and weak infinite splendour and
strength.

APOLOGIA.

A JEWELLED tale, an antique historie
Plucked out of darkness and the dust of kings,
Or windy song the Northern sea-maid flings
Among the mountains from the brooding sea;
Such gifts my venturous Fancy promised thee
When to the sun he stretched his gauzy wings.
He promised thee, but other far he brings
As wingless now he wanders home to me.

Poor creeping Elf! He gathers what he can —
Herbs that each rash disdainful foot may reach,
Yet once who wore them understood the speech
Of bird and beast and all the song of Pan.
One hidden tongue they still have power to teach —
The obscure cry of toiling, suffering Man.

SONG.

Sleep we must, but when to slumber?
Every hour's too fair to lose it,
Morn of gold and eve of umber,
Silver night — ah, who would choose it?
Honey's hid in every flow'r,
Joy in every sweet, sweet hour.

Sleep we shall, but first be weary,
Dance with hours of morning gladness,
Pillage noon nor chide the dreary
Hours that weave delightful madness;
Round the earth, that's with us racing,
Sun and moon and meteors chasing,
Worn with journeys, white with dust,
Then we'll sleep — for sleep we must.

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I. THALASSIUS. II. ON THE CLIFFS
BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

The Bibelot

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The Bibelot

OF *the three poems which go to the making of* Songs of the Springtides (*1880*), *the two chosen by us for reprinting possess an autobiographic value lacking elsewhere.*[1] *As the late William Sharp was quick to see and say:*[2] "*than the first there is no single poem more characteristic of the author,*" *presenting as it does behind a thin veil,* "*the poetic self of the poet, as behind the veil of* Alastor *is the poetic self of Shelley.*" *Furthermore:* "*In the beautiful poem* On the Cliffs *the author discloses . . . his passionate sympathy with Sappho,*" *— a sympathy one may note in passing not for the first time expressed,*[3]

---

[1] *The third poem, entitled* The Garden of Cymodoce, *is not unfairly a negligible quantity, leading up as it does to the inevitable Hugo-worship which presently expands in portentous fashion in the shape of an ode of rising five hundred mortal (or immortal) lines!*

[2] *See Introduction to Tauchnitz edition of Selections from Swinburne edited by William Sharp, (1901), pp. 7-30.*

[3] *As those familiar with the* Poems and Ballads, *(First Series), are well aware. What many are not so well acquainted with is the poet's annotation*

and extended, to mention two names only, to Catullus and Baudelaire: to the former in Latin as well as English verse, and to the latter in that superb threnody the Ave Atque Vale *which ranks in its chryselephantine cadences with the greatest elegiac poetry of all time.*[4]

That Thalassius *stands preëminent as an achievement in literature is seen by the concensus of recent critical opinion, notably by Mr. Swinburne's latest biographer, Mr. George Edward Woodberry. "In this poem the nature-poetry of Swinburne finds its highest and most beautiful idealization in human life; it is, in fact, the crowning work of his hand, in so far as he drew his inspiration from the life of his spirit with nature." As for* On the Cliffs *the same excellent authority is equally decisive: it "is a poem in which there is both the vision and the rhapsody of this," [a worship of "poetry, freedom, truth, and the fames that are indestructible names of these in human memory"] "in very noble and unusual*

---

and defense of the poem Anactoria *in his* Notes on Poems and Reviews, *(1866), and reprinted in our quarto edition of* Laus Veneris: Poems and Ballads, *(1899).*

[4] *See* The Bibelot, *Vol. IV, pp. 411-420. For Fragments from Sappho see* The Bibelot, *Vol. I, pp. 107-138.*

maginative forms, and stands as the type of his mood toward fame, which for him more truly than for men at large was what Shelley called it 'love disguised.' "[5]

It were needless to seek out other estimates of the abiding worth of such poetry but before bringing to its close our brief syllabus of appreciation we cannot resist citing the two concluding stanzas of A Vision of Spring in Winter *wherein the poet takes leave of songs and of seasons that are done,* " *those fair first years whose flowers revive not with thy flowers on earth :*"

"I would not bid thee, though I might, give back
One good thing youth has given and borne away ;
I crave not any comfort of the day
That is not, nor on time's retrodden track
Would turn to meet the white-robed hours or black
That long since left me on their mortal way ;
Nor light nor love that has been, nor the breath
That comes with morning from the sun to be
And sets light hope on fire ;
No fruit, no flower thought once too fair for death,
No flower nor hour once fallen from life's green tree,
No leaf once plucked or once fulfilled desire.

" The morning song beneath the stars that fled
With twilight through the moonless mountain air,
While youth with burning lips and wreathless hair

---

[5] *See* Swinburne, By George Edward Woodberry. *12mo, (Contemporary Men of Letters Series) New York, 1905.*

Sang toward the sun that was to crown his head,
Rising; the hopes that triumphed and fell dead,
The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours that were;
These may'st thou not give back for ever; these,
As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie waste,
Lie deeper than the sea;
But flowers thou may'st, and winds, and hours of ease,
And all its April to the world thou may'st
Give back, and half my April back to me."

Here, again, though earlier in point of time, is that touch of personality so seldom found, which nevertheless, whether intentional or not, is as a key unlocking the poet's heart for all we who reverence him.

◆

For May:
Mediaeval Norman Songs
By John Addington Symonds.

TWO SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES :
I THALASSIUS II ON THE CLIFFS

By

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THALASSIUS.

Upon the flowery forefront of the year,
One wandering by the grey-green April sea
Found on a reach of shingle and shallower sand
Inlaid with starrier glimmering jewellery
Left for the sun's love and the light wind's cheer
Along the foam-flowered strand
Breeze-brightened, something nearer sea than land
Though the last shoreward blossom-fringe was near,
A babe asleep with flower-soft face that gleamed
To sun and seaward as it laughed and dreamed,
Too sure of either love for either's fear,
Albeit so birdlike slight and light, it seemed
Nor man nor mortal child of man, but fair
As even its twin-born tenderer spray-flowers were,
That the wind scatters like an Oread's hair.

For when July strewed fire on earth and sea
The last time ere that year,
Out of the flame of morn Cymothoe
Beheld one brighter than the sunbright sphere
Move toward her from its fieriest heart, whence trod
The live sun's very God,
Across the foam-bright water-ways that are
As heavenlier heavens with star for answering star,
And on her eyes and hair and maiden mouth
Felt a kiss falling fierier than the South
And heard above afar

A noise of songs and wind-enamoured wings
And lutes and lyres of milder and mightier strings,
And round the resonant radiance of his car
Where depth is one with height,
Light heard as music, music seen as light
And with that second moondawn of the spring's
That fosters the first rose,
A sun-child whiter than the sunlit snows
Was born out of the world of sunless things
That round the round earth flows and ebbs and flows.

But he that found the sea-flower by the sea
And took to foster like a graft of earth
Was born of man's most highest and heavenliest birth,
Free-born as winds and stars and waves are free;
A warrior grey with glories more than years,
Though more of years than change the quick to dead
Had rained their light and darkness on his head
A singer that in time's and memory's ears
Should leave such words to sing as all his peers
Might praise with hallowing heat of rapturous tears
Till all the days of human flight were fled.
And at his knees his fosterling was fed
Not with man's wine and bread
Nor mortal mother-milk of hopes and fears,
But food of deep memorial days long sped;
For bread with wisdom and with song for wine
Clear as the full calm's emerald hyaline.
And from his grave glad lips the boy would gather

Fine honey of song-notes goldener than gold,
More sweet than bees make of the breathing heather,
That he, as glad and bold,
Might drink as they, and keep his spirit from cold.
And the boy loved his laurel-laden hair
As his own father's risen on the eastern air,
And that less white brow-binding bayleaf bloom
More than all flowers his father's eyes relume;
And those high songs he heard,
More than all notes of any landward bird,
More than all sounds less free
Than the wind's quiring to the choral sea.

High things the high song taught him; how the breath
Too frail for life may be more strong than death;
And this poor flash of sense in life, that gleams
As a ghost's glory in dreams,
More stabile than the world's own heart's root seems,
By that strong faith of lordliest love which gives
To death's own sightless-seeming eyes a light
Clearer, to death's bare bones a verier might,
Than shines or strikes from any man that lives.
How he that loves life overmuch shall die
The dog's death, utterly:
And he that much less loves it than he hates
All wrongdoing that is done
Anywhere always underneath the sun
Shall live a mightier life than time's or fate's.
One fairer thing he shewed him, and in might

More strong than day and night
Whose strengths build up time's towering period:
Yea, one thing stronger and more high than God,
Which if man had not, then should God not be:
And that was Liberty.
And gladly should man die to gain, he said,
Freedom; and gladlier, having lost, lie dead.
For man's earth was not, nor the sweet sea-waves
His, nor his own land, nor its very graves,
Except they bred not, bore not, hid not slaves:
But all of all that is,
Were one man free in body and soul, were his.

And the song softened, even as heaven by night
Softens, from sunnier down to starrier light,
And with its moonbright breath
Blessed life for death's sake, and for life's sake death.
Till as the moon's own beam and breath confuse
In one clear hueless haze of glimmering hues
The sea's line and the land's line and the sky's,
And light for love of darkness almost dies,
As darkness only lives for light's dear love,
Whose hands the web of night is woven of:
So in that heaven of wondrous words were life
And death brought out of strife;
Yea, by that strong spell of serene increase
Brought out of strife to peace.

And the song lightened, as the wind at morn
Flashes, and even with lightning of the wind

Night's thick-spun web is thinned
And all its weft unwoven and overworn
Shrinks, as might love from scorn.
And as when wind and light on water and land
Leap as twin gods from heavenward hand in hand,
And with the sound and splendour of their leap
Strike darkness dead, and daunt the spirit of sleep,
And burn it up with fire;
So with the light that lightened from the lyre
Was all the bright heat in the child's heart stirred
And blown with blasts of music into flame
Till even his sense became
Fire, as the sense that fires the singing bird
Whose song calls night by name.
And in the soul within the sense began
The manlike passion of a godlike man,
And in the sense within the soul again
Thoughts that make men of gods and gods of men.

For love the high song taught him: love that turns
God's heart toward man as man's to Godward; love
That life and death and life are fashioned of,
From the first breath that burns
Half kindled on the flowerlike yeanling's lip,
So light and faint that life seems like to slip,
To that yet weaklier drawn
When sunset dies of night's devouring dawn
But the man dying not wholly as all men dies
If aught be left of his in live men's eyes

Out of the dawnless dark of death to rise;
If aught of deed or word
Be seen for all time or of all time heard.
Love, that though body and soul were overthrown
Should live for love's sake of itself alone,
Though spirit and flesh were one thing doomed and dead,
Not wholly annihilated.
Seeing even the hoariest ash-flake that the pyre
Drops, and forgets the thing was once afire
And gave its heart to feed the pile's full flame
Till its own heart its own heat overcame,
Outlives its own life, though by scarce a span,
As such men dying outlive themselves in man,
Outlive themselves for ever; if the heat
Outburn the heart that kindled it, the sweet
Outlast the flower whose soul it was, and flit
Forth of the body of it
Into some new shape of a strange perfume
More potent than its light live spirit of bloom,
How shall not something of that soul relive,
That only soul that had such gifts to give
As lighten something even of all men's doom
Even from the labouring womb
Even to the seal set on the unopening tomb?
And these the loving light of song and love
Shall wrap and lap round and impend above,
Imperishable; and all springs born illume
Their sleep with brighter thoughts than wake the dove
To music, when the hillside winds resume

The marriage-song of heather-flower and broom
And all the joy thereof.

And hate the song too taught him : hate of all
That brings or holds in thrall
Of spirit or flesh, free-born ere God began,
The holy body and sacred soul of man.
And wheresoever a curse was or a chain,
A throne for torment or a crown for bane
Rose, moulded out of poor men's molten pain,
There, said he, should man's heaviest hate be set
Inexorably, to faint not or forget
Till the last warmth bled forth of the last vein
In flesh that none should call a king's again,
Seeing wolves and dogs and birds that plague-strike air
Leave the last bone of all the carrion bare.

And hope the high song taught him : hope whose eyes
Can sound the seas unsoundable, the skies
Inaccessible of eyesight ; that can see
What earth beholds not, hear what wind and sea
Hear not, and speak what all these crying in one
Can speak not to the sun.
For in her sovereign eyelight all things are
Clear as the closest seen and kindlier star
That marries morn and even and winter and spring
With one love's golden ring.
For she can see the days of man, the birth
Of good and death of evil things on earth

Inevitable and infinite, and sure
As present pain is, or herself is pure.
Yea, she can hear and see, beyond all things
That lighten from before Time's thunderous wings
Through the awful circle of wheel-winged periods,
The tempest of the twilight of all Gods:
And higher than all the circling course they ran
The sundawn of the spirit that was man.

And fear the song too taught him; fear to be
Worthless the dear love of the wind and sea
That bred him fearless, like a sea-mew reared
In rocks of man's foot feared,
Where nought of wingless life may sing or shine.
Fear to wax worthless of that heaven he had
When all the life in all his limbs was glad
And all the drops in all his veins were wine
And all the pulses music; when his heart,
Singing, bade heaven and wind and sea bear part
In one live song's reiterance, and they bore:
Fear to go crownless of the flower he wore
When the winds loved him and the waters knew,
The blithest life that clove their blithe life through
With living limbs exultant, or held strife
More amorous than all dalliance aye anew
With the bright breath and strength of their large life,
With all strong wrath of all sheer winds that blew,
All glories of all storms of the air that fell
Prone, neluctable,

With roar from heaven of revel, and with hue
As of a heaven turned hell.
For when the red blast of their breath had made
All heaven aflush with light more dire than shade,
He felt it in his blood and eyes and hair
Burn as if all the fires of the earth and air
Had laid strong hold upon his flesh, and stung
The soul behind it as with serpent's tongue,
Forked like the loveliest lightnings: nor could bear
But hardly, half distraught with strong delight,
The joy that like a garment wrapped him round
And lapped him over and under
With raiment of great light
And rapture of great sound
At every loud leap earthward of the thunder
From heaven's most furthest bound:
So seemed all heaven in hearing and in sight,
Alive and mad with glory and angry joy,
That something of its marvellous mirth and might
Moved even to madness, fledged as even for flight,
The blood and spirit of one but mortal boy.

So, clothed with love and fear that love makes great,
And armed with hope and hate,
He set first foot upon the spring-flowered ways
That all feet pass and praise.
And one dim dawn between the winter and spring,
In the sharp harsh wind harrying heaven and earth
To put back April that had borne his birth

From sunward on her sunniest shower-struck wing,
With tears and laughter for the dew-dropt thing,
Slight as indeed a dew-drop, by the sea
One met him lovelier than all men may be,
God-featured, with god's eyes; and in their might
Somewhat that drew men's own to mar their sight,
Even of all eyes drawn toward him: and his mouth
Was as the very rose of all men's youth,
One rose of all the rose-beds in the world:
But round his brows the curls were snakes that curled,
And like his tongue a serpent's; and his voice
Speaks death, and bids rejoice.
Yet then he spake no word, seeming as dumb,
A dumb thing mild and hurtless; nor at first
From his bowed eyes seemed any light to come,
Nor his meek lips for blood or tears to thirst:
But as one blind and mute in mild sweet wise
Pleading for pity of piteous lips and eyes,
He strayed with faint bare lily-lovely feet
Helpless, and flowerlike sweet:
Nor might man see, not having word hereof,
That this of all gods was the great god Love.

And seeing him lovely and like a little child
That wellnigh wept for wonder that it smiled
And was so feeble and fearful, with soft speech
The youth bespake him softly; but there fell
From the sweet lips no sweet word audible
That ear or thought might reach:

No sound to make the dim cold silence glad,
No breath to thaw the hard harsh air with heat;
Only the saddest smile of all things sweet,
Only the sweetest smile of all things sad.

And so they went together one green way
Till April dying made free the world for May;
And on his guide suddenly Love's face turned,
And in his blind eyes burned
Hard light and heat of laughter; and like flame
That opens in a mountain's ravening mouth
To blear and sear the sunlight from the south,
His mute mouth opened, and his first word came:
'Knowest thou me now by name?'
And all his stature waxed immeasurable,
As of one shadowing heaven and lightening hell;
And statelier stood he than a tower that stands
And darkens with its darkness far-off sands
Whereon the sky leans red;
And with a voice that stilled the winds he said:
'I am he that was thy lord before thy birth,
I am he that is thy lord till thou turn earth:
I make the night more dark, and all the morrow
Dark as the night whose darkness was my breath:
O fool, my name is sorrow;
Thou fool, my name is death.'

And he that heard spake not, and looked right on
Again, and Love was gone.

Through many a night toward many a wearier day
His spirit bore his body down its way.
Through many a day toward many a wearier night
His soul sustained his sorrows in her sight.
And earth was bitter, and heaven, and even the sea
Sorrowful even as he.
And the wind helped not, and the sun was dumb;
And with too long strong stress of grief to be
His heart grew sere and numb.

And one bright eve ere summer in autumn sank
At stardawn standing on a grey sea-bank
He felt the wind fitfully shift and heave
As toward a stormier eve;
And all the wan wide sea shuddered; and earth
Shook underfoot as toward some timeless birth,
Intolerable and inevitable; and all
Heaven, darkling, trembled like a stricken thrall.
And far out of the quivering east, and far
From past the moonrise and its guiding star,
Began a noise of tempest and a light
That was not of the lightning; and a sound
Rang with it round and round
That was not of the thunder; and a flight
As of blown clouds by night,
That was not of them; and with songs and cries
That sang and shrieked their soul out at the skies
A shapeless earthly storm of shapes began
From all ways round to move in on the man,

Clamorous against him silent; and their feet
Were as the wind's are fleet,
And their shrill songs were as wild birds' are sweet.

And as when all the world of earth was wronged
And all the host of all men driven afoam
By the red hand of Rome,
Round some fierce amphitheatre overthronged
With fair clear faces full of bloodier lust
Than swells and stings the tiger when his mood
Is fieriest after blood
And drunk with trampling of the murderous must
That soaks and stains the tortuous close-coiled wood
Made monstrous with its myriad-mustering brood,
Face by fair face panted and gleamed and pressed,
And breast by passionate breast
Heaved hot with ravenous rapture, as they quaffed
The red ripe full fume of the deep live draught,
The sharp quick reek of keen fresh bloodshed, blown
Through the dense deep drift up to the emperor's throne
From the under steaming sands
With clamour of all-applausive throats and hands,
Mingling in mirthful time
With shrill blithe mockeries of the lithe-limbed mime:
So from somewhence far forth of the unbeholden,
Dreadfully driven from over and after and under,
Fierce, blown through fifes of brazen blast and golden,
With sound of chiming waves that drown the thunder
Or thunder that strikes dumb the sea's own chimes,

Began the bellowing of the bull-voiced mimes,
Terrible ; firs bowed down as briars or palms
Even at the breathless blast as of a breeze
Fulfilled with clamour and clangour and storms of psalms ;
Red hands rent up the roots of oldworld trees,
Thick flames of torches tossed as tumbling seas
Made mad the moonless and infuriate air
That, ravening, revelled in the riotous hair
And raiment of the furred Bassarides.

So came all those in on him ; and his heart,
As out of sleep suddenly struck astart,
Danced, and his flesh took fire of theirs, and grief
Was as a last year's leaf
Blown dead far down the wind's way ; and he set
His pale mouth to the brightest mouth it met
That laughed for love against his lips, and bade
Follow ; and in following all his blood grew glad
And as again a sea-bird's ; for the wind
Took him to bathe him deep round breast and brow
Not as it takes a dead leaf drained and thinned,
But as the brightest bay-flower blown on bough,
Set springing toward it singing : and they rode
By many a vine-leafed, many a rose-hung road,
Exalt with exultation ; many a night
Set all its stars upon them as for spies
On many a moon-bewildering mountain-height
Where he rode only by the fierier light
Of his dread lady's hot sweet hungering eyes.

For the moon wandered witless of her way,
Spell-stricken by strong magic in such wise
As wizards use to set the stars astray.
And in his ears the music that makes mad
Beat always; and what way the music bade,
That alway rode he; nor was any sleep
His, nor from height nor deep.
But heaven was as red iron, slumberless,
And had no heart to bless;
And earth lay sere and darkling as distraught,
And help in her was nought.

Then many a midnight, many a morn and even,
His mother, passing forth of her fair heaven,
With goodlier gifts than all save gods can give
From earth or from the heaven where sea-things live,
With shine of sea-flowers through the bay-leaf braid
Woven for a crown her foam-white hands had made
To crown him with land's laurel and sea-dew,
Sought the sea-bird that was her boy: but he
Sat panther-throned beside Erigone,
Riding the red ways of the revel through
Midmost of pale-mouthed passion's crownless crew.
Till on some winter's dawn of some dim year
He let the vine-bit on the panther's lip
Slide, and the green rein slip,
And set his eyes to seaward, nor gave ear
If sound from landward hailed him, dire or dear;
And passing forth of all those fair fierce ranks

Back to the grey sea-banks,
Against a sea-rock lying, aslant the steep,
Fell after many sleepless dreams on sleep.

And in his sleep the dun green light was shed
Heavily round his head
That through the veil of sea falls fathom-deep,
Blurred like a lamp's that when the night drops dead
Dies; and his eyes gat grace of sleep to see
The deep divine dark dayshine of the sea,
Dense water-walls and clear dusk water-ways,
Broad-based, or branching as a sea-flower sprays
That side or this dividing; and anew
The glory of all her glories that he knew.
And in sharp rapture of recovering tears
He woke on fire with yearnings of old years,
Pure as one purged of pain that passion bore,
Ill child of bitter mother; for his own
Looked laughing toward him from her midsea throne,
Up toward him there ashore.

Thence in his heart the great same joy began,
Of child that made him man:
And turned again from all hearts else on quest,
He communed with his own heart, and had rest.
And like sea-winds upon loud waters ran
His days and dreams together, till the joy
Burned in him of the boy.
Till the earth's great comfort and the sweet sea's breath
Breathed and blew life in where was heartless death,

Death spirit-stricken of soul-sick days, where strife
Of thought and flesh made mock of death and life.
And grace returned upon him of his birth
Where heaven was mixed with heavenlike sea and earth;
And song shot forth strong wings that took the sun
From inward, fledged with might of sorrow and mirth
And father's fire made mortal in his son.
Nor was not spirit of strength in blast and breeze
To exalt again the sun's child and the sea's;
For as wild mares in Thessaly grow great
With child of ravishing winds, that violate
Their leaping length of limb with manes like fire
And eyes outburning heaven's
With fires more violent than the lightning levin's
And breath drained out and desperate of desire,
Even so the spirit in him, when winds grew strong,
Grew great with child of song.
Nor less than when his veins first leapt for joy
To draw delight in such as burns a boy,
Now too the soul of all his senses felt
The passionate pride of deep sea-pulses dealt
Through nerve and jubilant vein
As from the love and largess of old time,
And with his heart again
The tidal throb of all the tides keep rhyme
And charm him from his own soul's separate sense
With infinite and invasive influence
That made strength sweet in him and sweetness strong,
Being now no more a singer, but a song.

Till one clear day when brighter sea-wind blew
And louder sea-shine lightened, for the waves
Were full of godhead and the light that saves,
His father's, and their spirit had pierced him through,
He felt strange breath and light all round him shed
That bowed him down with rapture; and he knew
His father's hand, hallowing his humbled head,
And the old great voice of the old good time, that said:

'Child of my sunlight and the sea, from birth
A fosterling and fugitive on earth;
Sleepless of soul as wind or wave or fire,
A manchild with an ungrown God's desire;
Because thou hast loved nought mortal more than me,
Thy father, and thy mother-hearted sea;
Because thou hast set thine heart to sing, and sold
Life and life's love for song, God's living gold;
Because thou hast given thy flower and fire of youth
To feed men's hearts with visions, truer than truth;
Because thou hast kept in those world-wandering eyes
The light that makes me music of the skies;
Because thou hast heard with world-unwearied ears
The music that puts light into the spheres;
Have therefore in thine heart and in thy mouth
The sound of song that mingles north and south,
The song of all the winds that sing of me,
And in thy soul the sense of all the sea.'

ON THE CLIFFS.

ἱμερόφανος ἀηδὼν.
SAPPHO.

BETWEEN the moondawn and the sundown here
The twilight hangs half starless; half the sea
Still quivers as for love or pain or fear
Or pleasure mightier than these all may be
A man's live heart might beat
Wherein a God's with mortal blood should meet
And fill its pulse too full to bear the strain
With fear or love or pleasure's twin-born, pain.
Fiercely the gaunt woods to the grim soil cling
That bears for all fair fruits
Wan wild sparse flowers of windy and wintry spring
Between the tortive serpent-shapen roots
Wherethrough their dim growth hardly strikes and shoots
And shews one gracious thing
Hardly, to speak for summer one sweet word
Of summer's self scarce heard.
But higher the steep green sterile fields, thick-set
With flowerless hawthorn even to the upward verge
Whence the woods gathering watch new cliffs emerge
Higher than their highest of crowns that sea-winds fret,
Hold fast, for all that night or wind can say,
Some pale pure colour yet,
Too dim for green and luminous for grey.
Between the climbing inland cliffs above
And these beneath that breast and break the bay,

A barren peace too soft for hate or love
Broods on an hour too dim for night or day.

O wind, O wingless wind that walk'st the sea,
Weak wind, wing-broken, wearier wind than we,
Who are yet not spirit-broken, maimed like thee
Who wail not in our inward night as thou
In the outer darkness now,
What word has the old sea given thee for mine ear
From thy faint lips to hear?
For some word would she send me, knowing not how.

Nay, what far other word
Than ever of her was spoken, or of me
Or all my winged white kinsfolk of the sea
Between fresh wave and wave was ever heard,
Cleaves the clear dark enwinding tree with tree
Too close for stars to separate and to see
Enmeshed in multitudinous unity?
What voice of what strong God hath stormed and stirred
The fortressed rock of silence, rent apart
Even to the core Night's all-maternal heart?
What voice of God grown heavenlier in a bird,
Made keener of edge to smite
Than lightning, — yea, thou knowest, O mother Night,
Keen as that cry from thy strange children sent
Wherewith the Athenian judgment-shrine was rent,
For wrath that all their wrath was vainly spent,
Their wrath for wrong made right

By justice in her own divine despite
That bade pass forth unblamed
The sinless matricide and unashamed?
Yea, what new cry is this, what note more bright
Than their song's wing of words was dark of flight,
What word is this thou hast heard,
Thine and not thine or theirs, O Night, what word
More keen than lightning and more sweet than light?
As all men's hearts grew godlike in one bird
And all those hearts cried on thee, crying with might,
Hear us, O mother Night.

Dumb is the mouth of darkness as of death:
Light, sound and life are one
In the eyes and lips of dawn that draw the sun
To hear what first child's word with glimmering breath
Their weak wan weanling child the twilight saith;
But night makes answer none.

God, if thou be god,—bird, if bird thou be,—
Do thou then answer me.
For but one word, what wind soever blow,
Is blown up usward ever from the sea.
In fruitless years of youth dead long ago
And deep beneath their own dead leaves and snow
Buried, I heard with bitter heart and sere
The same sea's word unchangeable, nor knew
But that mine own life-days were changeless too
And sharp and salt with unshed tear on tear

And cold and fierce and barren; and my soul,
Sickening, swam weakly with bated breath
In a deep sea like death,
And felt the wind buffet her face with brine
Hard, and harsh thought on thought in long bleak roll
Blown by keen gusts of memory sad as thine
Heap the weight up of pain, and break, and leave
Strength scarce enough to grieve
In the sick heavy spirit, unmanned with strife
Of waves that beat at the tired lips of life.

Nay, sad may be man's memory, sad may be
The dream he weaves him as for shadow of thee,
But scarce one breathing-space, one heartbeat long,
Wilt thou take shadow of sadness on thy song.
Not thou, being more than man or man's desire,
Being bird and God in one,
With throat of gold and spirit of the sun;
The sun whom all our souls and songs call sire,
Whose godhead gave thee, chosen of all our quire,
Thee only of all that serve, of all that sing
Before our sire and king,
Borne up some space on time's world-wandering wing,
This gift, this doom, to bear till time's wing tire —
Life everlasting of eternal fire.

Thee only of all; yet can no memory say
How many a night and day
My heart has been as thy heart, and my life

As thy life is, a sleepless hidden thing,
Full of the thirst and hunger of winter and spring,
That seeks its food not in such love or strife
As fill men's hearts with passionate hours and rest.
From no loved lips and on no loving breast
Have I sought ever for such gifts as bring
Comfort, to stay the secret soul with sleep.
The joys, the loves, the labours, whence men reap
Rathe fruit of hopes and fears,
I have made not mine; the best of all my days
Have been as those fair fruitless summer strays,
Those water-waifs that but the sea-wind steers,
Flakes of glad foam or flowers on footless ways
That take the wind in season and the sun,
And when the wind wills is their season done.

For all my days as all thy days from birth
My heart as thy heart was in me as thee,
Fire; and not all the fountains of the sea
Have waves enough to quench it, nor on earth
Is fuel enough to feed,
While day sows night and night sows day for seed.

We were not marked for sorrow, thou nor I,
For joy nor sorrow, sister, were we made,
To take delight and grief to live and die,
Assuaged by pleasures or by pains affrayed
That melt men's hearts and alter; we retain
A memory mastering pleasure and all pain,

A spirit within the sense of ear and eye,
A soul behind the soul, that seeks and sings
And makes our life move only with its wings
And feed but from its lips, that in return
Feed of our hearts wherein the old fires that burn
Have strength not to consume
Nor glory enough to exalt us past our doom.

Ah, ah, the doom (thou knowest whence rang that wail)
Of the shrill nightingale!
(From whose wild lips, thou knowest, that wail was thrown)
For round about her have the great gods cast
A wing-borne body, and clothed her close and fast
With a sweet life that hath no part in moan.
But me, for me (how hadst thou heart to hear?)
Remains a sundering with the two-edged spear.

Ah, for her doom! so cried in presage then
The bodeful bondslave of the king of men,
And might not win her will.
Too close the entangling dragnet woven of crime,
The snare of ill new-born of elder ill,
The curse of new time for an elder time,
Had caught, and held her yet,
Enmeshed intolerably in the intolerant net,
Who thought with craft to mock the God most high,
And win by wiles his crown of prophecy
From the Sun's hand sublime,
As God were man, to spare or to forget.

But thou,—the gods have given thee and forgiven thee
More than our master gave
That strange-eyed spirit-wounded strange-tongued slave
There questing houndlike where the roofs red-wet
Reeked as a wet red grave.
Life everlasting has their strange grace given thee,
Even hers whom thou wast wont to sing and serve
With eyes, but not with song, too swift to swerve;
Yet might not even thine eyes estranged estrange her,
Who seeing thee too, but inly, burn and bleed
Like that pale princess-priest of Priam's seed,
For stranger service gave thee guerdon stranger;
If this indeed be guerdon, this indeed
Her mercy, this thy meed
That thou, being more than all we born, being higher
Than all heads crowned of him that only gives
The light whereby man lives,
The bay that bids man moved of God's desire
Lay hand on lute or lyre,
Set lip to trumpet or deflowered green reed—
If this were given thee for a grace indeed,
That thou, being first of all these, thou alone
Shouldst have the grace to die not, but to live
And lose nor change one pulse of song, one tone
Of all that were thy lady's and thine own,
Thy lady's whom thou criedst on to forgive,
Thou, priest and sacrifice on the altar-stone
Where none may worship not of all that live,
Love's priestess, errant on dark ways diverse;

If this were grace indeed for Love to give,
If this indeed were blessing and no curse.

Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of song,
Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain of love,
Name above all names that are lights above,
We have loved, praised, pitied, crowned and done thee wrong,
O thou past praise and pity; thou the sole
Utterly deathless, perfect only and whole
Immortal, body and soul.
For over all whom time hath overpast
The shadow of sleep inexorable is cast,
The implacable sweet shadow of perfect sleep
That gives not back what life gives death to keep;
Yea, all that lived and loved and sang and sinned
Are all borne down death's cold sweet soundless wind
That blows all night and knows not whom its breath,
Darkling, may touch to death:
But one that wind hath touched and changed not,— one
Whose body and soul are parcel of the sun;
One that earth's fire could burn not, nor the sea
Quench; nor might human doom take hold on thee;
All praise, all pity, all dreams have done thee wrong,
All love, with eyes love-blinded from above;
Song's priestess, mad with joy and pain of love,
Love's priestess, mad with pain and joy of song.

Hast thou none other answer then for me
Than the air may have of thee,

Or the earth's warm woodlands girdling with green girth
Thy secret sleepless burning life on earth,
Or even the sea that once, being woman crowned
And girt with fire and glory of anguish round,
Thou wert so fain to seek to, fain to crave
If she would hear thee and save
And give thee comfort of thy great green grave?
Because I have known thee always who thou art,
Thou knowest, have known thee to thy heart's own heart,
Nor ever have given light ear to storied song
That did thy sweet name sweet unwitting wrong,
Nor ever have called thee nor would call for shame,
Thou knowest, but inly by thine only name,
Sappho — because I have known thee and loved, hast thou
None other answer now?
As brother and sister were we, child and bird,
Since thy first Lesbian word
Flamed on me, and I knew not whence I knew
This was the song that struck my whole soul through,
Pierced my keen spirit of sense with edge more keen,
Even when I knew not, — even ere sooth was seen, —
When thou wast but the tawny sweet winged thing
Whose cry was but of spring.

And yet even so thine ear should hear me — yea,
Hear me this nightfall by this northland bay,
Even for their sake whose loud good word I had,
Singing of thee in the all-beloved clime
Once, where the windy wine of spring makes mad

Our sisters of Majano, who kept time
Clear to my choral rhyme.
Yet was the song acclaimed of these aloud
Whose praise had made mute humbleness misproud,
The song with answering song applauded thus,
But of that Daulian dream of Itylus.
So but for love's love haply was it — nay,
How else? — that even their song took my song's part,
For love of love and sweetness of sweet heart,
Or god-given glorious madness of mid May
And heat of heart and hunger and thirst to sing,
Full of the new wine of the wind of spring.

Or if this were not, and it be not sin
To hold myself in spirit of thy sweet kin,
In heart and spirit of song;
If this my great love do thy grace no wrong,
Thy grace that gave me grace to dwell therein;
If thy gods thus be my gods, and their will
Made my song part of thy song — even such part
As man's hath of God's heart —
And my life like as thy life to fulfil;
What have our gods then given us? Ah, to thee,
Sister, much more, much happier than to me,
Much happier things they have given, and more of grace
Than falls to man's light race;
For lighter are we, all our love and pain
Lighter than thine, who knowest of time or place
Thus much, that place nor time

Can heal or hurt or lull or change again
The singing soul that makes his soul sublime
Who hears the far fall of its fire-fledged rhyme
Fill darkness as with bright and burning rain
Till all the live gloom inly glows, and light
Seems with the sound to cleave the core of night.

The singing soul that moves thee, and that moved
When thou wast woman, and their songs divine
Who mixed for Grecian mouths heaven's lyric wine
Fell dumb, fell down reproved
Before one sovereign Lesbian song of thine.
That soul, though love and life had fain held fast,
Wind-winged with fiery music, rose and past
Through the indrawn hollow of earth and heaven and hell,
As through some strait sea-shell
The wide sea's immemorial song, — the sea
That sings and breathes in strange men's ears of thee
How in her barren bride-bed, void and vast,
Even thy soul sang itself to sleep at last.

To sleep? Ah, then, what song is this, that here
Makes all the night one ear,
One ear fulfilled and mad with music, one
Heart kindling as the heart of heaven, to hear
A song more fiery than the awakening sun
Sings, when his song sets fire
To the air and clouds that build the dead night's pyre?
O thou of divers-coloured mind, O thou

Deathless, God's daughter subtle-souled— lo, now,
Now too the song above all songs, in flight
Higher than the day-star's height,
And sweet as sound the moving wings of night!
Thou of the divers-coloured seat— behold,
Her very song of old! —
O deathless, O God's daughter subtle-souled!
That same cry through this boskage overhead
Rings round reiterated,
Palpitates as the last palpitated,
The last that panted through her lips and died
Not down this grey north sea's half sapped cliff-side
That crumbles toward the coastline, year by year
More near the sands and near;
The last loud lyric fiery cry she cried,
Heard once on heights Leucadian, — heard not here.

Not here; for this that fires our northland night,
This is the song that made
Love fearful, even the heart of love afraid,
With the great anguish of its great delight.
No swan-song, no far-fluttering half-drawn breath,
No word that love of love's sweet nature saith,
No dirge that lulls the narrowing lids of death,
No healing hymn of peace-prevented strife, —
This is her song of life.

I loved thee, — hark, one tenderer note than all —
Atthis, *of old time*, *once* — one low long fall,

Sighing — one long low lovely loveless call,
Dying — one pause in song so flamelike fast —
Atthis, long since in old time overpast —
One soft first pause and last.
One, — then the old rage of rapture's fieriest rain
Storms all the music-maddened night again.

Child of God, close craftswoman, I beseech thee,
Bid not ache nor agony break nor master,
Lady, my spirit —
O thou her mistress, might her cry not reach thee?
Our Lady of all men's loves, could Love go past her,
Pass, and not hear it?

She hears not as she heard not; hears not me,
O treble-natured mystery, — how should she
Hear, or give ear? — who heard and heard not thee;
Heard, and went past, and heard not; but all time
Hears all that all the ravin of his years
Hath cast not wholly out of all men's ears
And dulled to death with deep dense funeral chime
Of their reiterate rhyme.
And now of all songs uttering all her praise,
All hers who had thy praise and did thee wrong,
Abides one song yet of her lyric days,
Thine only, this thy song.

O soul triune, woman and god and bird,
Man, man at least has heard.
All ages call thee conqueror, and thy cry

The mightiest as the least beneath the sky
Whose heart was ever set to song, or stirred
With wind of mounting music blown more high
Than wildest wing may fly,
Hath heard or hears, — even Æschylus as I.
But when thy name was woman, and thy word
Human, — then haply, surely then meseems
This thy bird's note was heard on earth of none,
Of none save only in dreams.
In all the world then surely was but one
Song; as in heaven at highest one sceptred sun
Regent, on earth here surely without fail
One only, one imperious nightingale.
Dumb was the field, the woodland mute, the lawn
Silent; the hill was tongueless as the vale
Even when the last fair waif of cloud that felt
Its heart beneath the colouring moonrays melt,
At high midnoon of midnight half withdrawn,
Bared all the sudden deep divine moondawn.
Then, unsaluted by her twin-born tune,
That latter timeless morning of the moon
Rose past its hour of moonrise; clouds gave way
To the old reconquering ray,
But no song answering made it more than day;
No cry of song by night
Shot fire into the cloud-constraining light.
One only, one Æolian island heard
Thrill, but through no bird's throat,
In one strange manlike maiden's godlike note,

The song of all these as a single bird.
Till the sea's portal was as funeral gate
For that sole singer in all time's ageless date
Singled and signed for so triumphal fate,
All nightingales but one in all the world
All her sweet life were silent; only then,
When her life's wing of womanhood was furled,
Their cry, this cry of thine was heard again,
As of me now, of any born of men.

Through sleepless clear spring nights filled full of thee,
Rekindled here, thy ruling song has thrilled
The deep dark air and subtle tender sea
And breathless hearts with one bright sound fulfilled.
Or at midnoon to me
Swimming, and birds about my happier head
Skimming, one smooth soft way by water and air,
To these my bright born brethren and to me
Hath not the clear wind borne or seemed to bear
A song wherein all earth and heaven and sea
Were molten in one music made of thee
To enforce us, O our sister of the shore,
Look once in heart back landward and adore?
For songless were we sea-mews, yet had we
More joy than all things joyful of thee — more,
Haply, than all things happiest; nay, save thee,
In thy strong rapture of imperious joy
Too high for heart of sea-borne bird or boy,
What living things were happiest if not we?

But knowing not love nor change nor wrath nor wrong,
No more we knew of song.

Song, and the secrets of it, and their might,
What blessings curse it and what curses bless,
I know them since my spirit had first in sight,
Clear as thy song's words or the live sun's light,
The small dark body's Lesbian loveliness
That held the fire eternal; eye and ear
Were as a god's to see, a god's to hear,
Through all his hours of daily and nightly chime,
The sundering of the two-edged spear of time:
The spear that pierces even the sevenfold shields
Of mightiest Memory, mother of all songs made,
And wastes all songs as roseleaves kissed and frayed
As here the harvest of the foam-flowered fields;
But thine the spear may waste not that he wields
Since first the God whose soul is man's live breath,
The sun whose face hath our sun's face for shade,
Put all the light of life and love and death
Too strong for life, but not for love too strong,
Where pain makes peace with pleasure in thy song,
And in thine heart, where love and song make strife,
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MEDIÆVAL NORMAN SONGS
BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

The Bibelot

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Current numbers Five cents

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A POET'S PRAISE.

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DEAR MR. MONAHAN:

I can't refrain from telling you how happy I am to see your sturdy defence of Poe's good name. He has been yelped at by the whole pack of literary jackals nosing the ground for carrion. The man who carried the pure idealities of "Helen" and "The Raven" was not inherently immoral, whatever may be the shell-facts of his life.

I am also delighted by your talk on "Richard Wagner's Romance." You don't need to write anything else to repay us for our valuable dollar. Of course I don't claim that you have said all that is to be said in defence of the inconstant artist. It is all an anxious inexplicable problem, one whose roots go down to the center. Who will give its rationale ?

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EVEN if one's interest in antique love-ditties and drinking-songs were of the slightest there remains something not easily defined, but just as surely not easily ignored, in Symonds' manner of handling these Mediæval Norman songs, which, with contributions already freely drawn upon,[1] we now include in our pages. Lacking the golden thread of comment his little garland of bygone minstrelsy might reveal a tenuity of thought and feeling only too apparent; but with it, and saturated in an atmosphere of Symonds' own creating, this illusive music again becomes audible in the world of living men.[2]

It will always be a source of regret that the man who could so splendidly merge his personality as a poet in the translator is

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[1] *See* The Bibelot, *Vol. I, Mediæval Latin Students' Songs, pp. 49-76; The Pathos of the Rose in Poetry, pp. 163-193; Vol. II, Songs of Dead Florentines, pp. 83-111; Vol. VI, The 'Orfeo' of Poliziano, pp. 3-32; Vol. IX, Popular Songs of Tuscany, pp. 249-296.*

[2] *Mediæval Norman Songs are taken from* In the Key of Blue and other Prose Essays, by John Addington Symonds. *8vo. London, 1893.*

still so little known to the general public, and that his best work largely remains a sealed book to such of us who have yet to discover the fresh woods and pastures now concealed behind a dubious title.[3]

That this Norman balladry is of lowly origin is only a reminder of what all Border balladry and Folk-lore teaches; specimens of which, along with their Romany congener,—the songs of Gipsy-land—we hope to offer our readers a little later on. "The earth hath bubbles, as the water has," is a Shakespearean saying that is true in the deepest sense, and however rude and rustic the associations underlying all such relics of a vanished age they are indubitably a draught of vintage—

> *"Tasting of Flora and the country green,*
> *Dance and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!"*

---

[3] Wine, Women and Song: Mediæval Latin Students' Songs now First Translated into English Verse with an Essay by John Addington Symonds. *Fcap 4to. Portland, Maine, 1899. (Price $3.00 net.) The first and only London edition was published (Fcap 8vo.) in 1884, and is a scarce volume.*

◆

FOR JUNE:
POEMS
BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

MEDIÆVAL NORMAN SONGS

By

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

MEDIÆVAL NORMAN SONGS.[1]

Val de Vire was one of the richest and most favoured regions of old Normandy. The country has a look of Devonshire or Somerset. Grassland and orchards intersected by deep lanes, feathery with ferns and fox-gloves. Sluggish streams, bordered with yellow flags and flowering rush; banks blue with columbine. Spinneys and copses, mossy homesteads, hedged grazing meadows, humble churches, slouching stablemen, and sturdy farmers. The names of towns and villages remind one constantly of noble English families, who came from them across the channel, and of these one of the most picturesquely situated is St. Lo. It stands on a hill of solid grey rock overhanging the Vire — a stream not unlike our Avon, which winds through wooded slopes of dark red iron-stone and lime-stone, curving a gentle course toward the open plain and not far distant sea. The valley, the river, the woods, the gardens on the hills, the broad meadow-land beyond, can all be surveyed from the square of the Cathedral. This is an irregular and decrepit old church, interesting by reason of its imperfections. No one part of the building corresponds to the rest; the chapels sprawl at oblique angles; the towers are ingeniously constructed to combine similarity and difference. The workmanship throughout is loose, dishevelled, mongrel. Yet there are beautiful wide windows: labyrinths of grey glass, like spiders' webs, enclosing figures bright as gems with green and blue and fiery crimson. Outside, there is a little stone pulpit — like the one in the courtyard of Magdalen College Oxford — open to the air, with a Gothic canopy above it. Here one can fancy monks preaching or pardoners displaying their indulgences to country folk in Lent.

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[1] I will add the full title of the volume to which I am indebted for the songs I have translated. It is "Chansons Normandes du xvme siècle, publiées pour la Iere fois sur les manuscrits de Bayeux et de Vire avec introduction et notes de A. Gaste. Caen: Le Gost-Clerisse, Rue Ecuyère 36. 1866."

It was at St. Lo that I picked up a collection of "Chansons Normandes du xv^{me} Siècle," published from manuscripts existing in private libraries at Vire and Bayeux. They consist for the most part of drinking-songs and love-ditties; but fragments of ballads and a few patriotic songs, relating to the wars with England, give variety to this material. Like all literary efforts of a rustic population, the Vaux de Vire, as they were called, are distinguished by simplicity and spontaneity. Their frequent repetition of the same ideas proves the intellectual poverty of the source from which they were derived. The want of art in their composition guarantees the genuineness of the feelings which produced them. We seem, while reading their refrains and lays, to hear the voices of generations living tranquilly in the same round, revolving in one routine of natural joys and sorrows: rejoicing in the warmth of summer, and shrinking from the winter's cold; expanding in the spring to love, and welcoming the autumn with its gift of wine and fruit. There is a pathos in this half-developed poetry, like that which thrills us in the unfoldings of the first buds and leaves of spring. It is so near to all things natural; like earth herself, so very old and yet so fresh and new. Centuries and centuries of men and women have felt and sung like this: used the same images of joy adopted from the fields in April or in May, crooned the same melodies borrowed from streams and winds and waving trees. The song of the thrush and the blackbird, the note of the nightingale, the blossoms of the apple-tree and thorn, the freshness of the greenwood after winter snows have melted — these are the ever recurring themes of pleasure, hope, and love, on which the rustic singers dwell. It is a poetry singularly sympathetic to the pastoral country which developed it. The lyrics of the Minnesingers and Provençal Troubadours have something similar in monotone to this; but the clang of arms and the stirring of the great world were never far distant from the ladies' bowers in which they sounded: whereas these Norman ditties breathe of nothing but the crofts and cottages and pastures of a village. If the noise of war is heard at all in Val de Vire, it is but some marauding band of English foragers, who come to lift the cattle and to make great pillage of the Duchy. The peasants rise and do their best to pay back force with force, and deep and deadly is the hatred stored against their foes. From the beginning to the end of this scanty literature, we remain within the narrow circle of local interests, and it is this which gives it a peculiar charm. The Vaux de Vire should be read in Normandy in May. Their flavour, like that of the cider which gushes from the presses of St. Lo or St. Sever, is native to the fat fair orchard-land which gave them birth so many years ago.

To translate popular songs is never very easy. Yet these offer fewer difficulties than those, for instance, of the Tuscan and the Umbrian highlands. The old French is clear and limpid; the metrical structure in most cases very simple. It will be observed that, in the English versions I am about to offer, one peculiarity of the originals — a curious monotony of recurring and repeated rhymes — has been retained. The succession of rhymes I have sometimes altered, where I thought our language needed it.

The first group are the love-songs, by far the most numerous and characteristic of the collection. We may start with one in which a lover sings the praises of his sweetheart:

Fair is her body, bright her eye,
With smiles her mouth is kind to me;
Then, think no evil, this is she
Whom God hath made my only joy.

Between the earth and heaven high
There is no maid so fair as she;
The beauty of her sweet body
Doth ever fill my heart with joy.

He is a knave, nor do I lie,
Who loveth her not heartily;
The grace that shines from her body
Giveth to lovers all great joy.

Sometimes the accented passages remind us of Elizabethan lyric, as in the repeated last line of the following quatrain:

Sad, lost in thought, and mute I go:
The cause, ah me! you know full well:
But see that nought thereof you tell,
For men will only laugh at woe—
For men will only laugh at woe.

The same effect is gained by the echoed questions in this catch:

Kiss me then, my merry May,
By the soul of love I pray!

Prithee, nay! Tell, tell me why?
If with you I sport and play,
My mother will be vexed to-day.
Tell me why, oh tell me why?

I must confess to having slightly modernised two pretty but imperfect pieces, which play upon the different tribes of singing birds:

Before my lady's window gay,
The little birds they sing all day,
The lark, the mavis, and the dove;
But the sweet nightingale of May,
She whiles the silent hours away,
Chanting of sorrow, joy, and love.

The dove in the next song is clearly metaphorical for some fair damsel, who has been tamed to appreciate the caresses of a swain:

I found at daybreak yester morn,
Close by the nest where she was born,
A tender turtle dove:
Oha! ohé! ohesa, hesa, hé!

She fluttered, but she could not fly;
I heard, but would not heed her cry:

She had not learned to love:
Oha! ohé! ohesa, hesa, hé!

Now she is quiet on my breast,
And from her new and living nest
She doth not seek to rove:
Oha! ohé! ohesa, hesa, hé!

Occasionally the lyric note closely resembles that belonging to the love-songs of the Carmina Burana. I have found, in translating both, that the effect produced in English is almost exactly the same, without any intention on my own part. This is the case with the rather pretty but insipid piece which follows:

This month of May, one pleasant eventide,
I heard a young girl singing on the green;
I came upon her where the ways divide,
And said, "God keep you, maiden, from all teen.

"Maiden, the God of love you keep and save,
And give you all your heart desires," I cried.
Then she: "Pray tell me, gentle sir and brave,
Whither you wend this pleasant eventide?"

"*To you I come, a lover leal and true,*
To tell you all my hope and all my care;
Your love alone is what I seek; than you
No woman ever seemed to me more fair."

The parting of two lovers, also in the leafy forest-glades, has a throb of keener passion:

In this first merry morn of May,
When as the year grows young and green,
Into the wood I went my way,
To say farewell unto my queen.

And when we could no longer stay,
Weeping upon my neck she fell,
Oh, send me news from far away!
Farewell, sweet heart of mine, farewell!

The ladies, in the absence of their lovers, are anxious for news. Their longing thoughts do not, however, borrow the wings of a bird, as in the more imaginative poetry of central Italy. The heart's unrest finds simpler expression. Take for instance the following song, the close of which strikes me as charmingly fanciful in its disconnection from the main theme:

O Love, my love and perfect bliss!
God in His goodness grant me this —
I see thee soon again.
Nought else I need to take away
The grief that for thy sake alway
Doth keep me in great pain.

Alas! I know not what to do,
Nor how to get good news and true:
Dear God, I pray to Thee;
If else Thou canst not comfort me,
Of Thy great mercy make that he
Send speedy news to me.

Within my father's garden walls
There is a tree — when April falls
It blossometh alway.
There wend I oft in winter drear,
Yea, and in spring, the winds to hear,
The sweet winds at their play.

The motif of a bird as messenger occurs in the next ditty; but a nightingale, and not the swallow, has been chosen:

Alas! poor heart, I pity thee
For all the grief thou hast and care!
My love I see not anywhere;
He is so far away from me.

Until once more his face I see
I shall be sad by night and day;
And if his face I may not see
Then I shall die most certainly:
For other pleasures have I none,
And all my hope is this alone.
No ease I take by night and day:
O Love, my love, to thee I pray
Have pity upon me!

Dear nightingale of woodland gay,
Who singest on the leafy tree,
Go, take a message I thee pray,
A message to my love from me;
Tell, tell him that I waste away
And weaker grow from day to day.

Ah, God! what pain and grief have we
Who are poor lovers, leal and true:
For every week that we pass through,
Five hundred thousand griefs have we:
One cannot think, or count, or tell
The griefs and pains that we know well!

A forlorn swain echoes the same lament in stanzas which, though monotonous, have an accent of poignant sincerity:

Now who is he on earth that lives,
Who knows or with his tongue can say
What grief to poor lovers it gives
To love with loyal heart alway?

So bitter is their portion, yea,
So hard their part!
But this doth more confound my heart;
Unloved to love, and still to pray!
Thinking thereon I swoon away.

A man is trying to unlock the secret of a maiden's bosom. It is a lover and his lass, sauntering in twilight between hedgerows heavy with the scent of honeysuckle and wild roses. From the tenour of the swain's pleading, we may feel assured that he does not suffer under any great anxiety about her answer:

Sweet flower, that art so fair and gay,
Come tell me if thou lovest me!
Think well, and tell me presently:
For sore it irks me, by my fay,

For sore it irketh me alway,
That I know not the mind of thee:
I pray thee, gentle lady gay,
If so thou wilt, tell truth to me.

For I do love thee so, sweet May,
That if my heart thou wert to see,
In sooth I know, of courtesy,
Thou wouldst have pity on me this day.

A girl has plighted her troth. She is sure of the man's loyalty, tranquil in the sense of his affection; not to repay him with truth and kindness in like measure, would be base:

My love for him shall be
Fair love and true:
For he loves me, I know,
And I love him, pardie!

And for I know that he,
Doth love me so,
I should be all untrue
To love but him, pardie!

The greenwood was the common trysting place for sweethearts. Here is a song of spring-time in which the contentment of secure affection is very prettily expressed:

Beneath the branch of the green may
My merry heart sleeps happily,
Waiting for him who promised me
To meet me here again this day.

And what is that I would not do
To please my love so dear to me?
He loves me with leal heart and true,
And I love him no less, pardie!

Perchance I see him but a day;
Yet maketh he my heart so free—
His beauty so rejoiceth me—
That months thereafter I am gay.

We hear a good deal about "faux jaloux and scandals, calumnious reports, and malignant gossip. A damsel is indignant because her sweetheart's personal appearance has been depreciated by persons who might have been better occupied in minding their own business:

They have said evil of my dear;
Therefore my heart is vexed and drear:
But what is it to them
If he be fair or foul to see,
Since he is perfect joy to me.

He loves me well: the like do I:
I do not look with half an eye,
But seek to pleasure him.

From all the rest I choose him here ;
I want no other for my dear :
How then should he displease
Those who may leave him if they please ?
God keep him from all fear !

A stormier burst of indignation escapes from the lips of a man who has been slandered to his mistress. This lyric, in pure literary quality, is one of the best of the collection :

They lied, those lying traitors all,
Disloyal, hypocritical,
Who feigned that I spake ill of thee !
Heed not their words of charity ;
For they are flatterers tongued with gall,
And liars all.

They make the tales that they let fall,
Coining falsehoods, wherewithal
They swear that I spake ill of thee :
Heed not their lies of charity ;
For they are flatterers tongued with gall,
And liars all.

Believe them not, although they call
Themselves thy servants ; one and all,

They lie, or God's curse light on me! —
Whatever oaths they swear to thee,
Or were they thrice as stout and tall,
They're liars all!

After quoting two stanzas of another song, it will be time to quit these ditties of the spring and love:

O nightingale of woodland gay,
Go to my love and to her tell
That I do love her passing well;
And bid her also think of me,
For I to her will bring the may.

The may that I shall bring will be,
Nor rose nor any opening flower;
But with my heart I will her dower;
And kisses on her lips I'll lay,
And pray God keep her heartily.

I can only find one true ballad, in our sense of the word, among these songs. It refers to some tradition about a girl whose sweetheart was a prisoner in her father's castle, and who died when he was brought forth to be hanged.

Maid Marjory sits at the castle gate :
With groans and sighs
She weeps and cries :
Her grief it is great.
Her father asks, " Daughter, what is your woe ?
Seek you a husband or lord I trow ?"
" Let husbands be !
Give my love to me,
Who pines in the dungeon dark below !"

" I' faith, my daughter, thou'lt long want him ;
For he hangs to-morrow when dawn is dim."

" Then bury my corpse at the gallows' feet ;
And men will say they were true lovers sweet."

The raciest of these Norman songs are drinking-catches. I find, however, that the lightest and best of them are untranslatable. The delicacy of the French refrains cannot be preserved ; the sound of laughter in their facile lines escapes ; the gossamer-thread of sense, so lightly spun, is loosened. One satire upon female topers admits of rendering into English. It is curious artistically, by reason of its pertinacious monotony in rhyming. As a picture of manners one may compare it with the scene of Noah's wife and her gossips in the Miracle plays. Similar lyrics occur in Provençal and early Italian poetry. But I think the finest specimen of the type is this:

Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.
They were three wives that had one heart for wine;
One to the other said—We drink no wine!
Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.

Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.
The varlet stood in jerkin tight and fine
To serve the dames with service of good wine.
Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.

Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.
These wives they cried—Here's service of good wine!
Make we good cheer, nor stint our souls of wine!
Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.

Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.
The gallant fills, nor seeketh further sign,
But crowns the cups with service of good wine.
Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.

Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.
Singing beginneth, and sweet notes combine

With joyance to proclaim the praise of wine!
Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.

Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.
For fear of husbands will we never pine;
They are not here to mar the taste of wine.
Drink, gossips mine! we drink no wine.

What sort of songs were sung at these convivial meetings appears from another Bacchic melody which follows: —

Sweet comrades, fellows of the vine!
Drink we by morn and eve, drink wine —
A cask or so;
Ha, ho!
Nor will we pay our host one jot,
Save a credo!

But if our host sue us therefor,
We'll tell him he must pass it o'er
Quasimodo:
Ha, ho!
Nor will we pay our host one jot,
Save a credo!

The jolliest of all the topers of the Val de Vire was Oliver Basselin, who lived in the reign of Louis XII., and was killed by the English. The song which follows alludes to his death, and to the sadness which it cast over the pleasant company of Vire:—

Alas! good Oliver Basselin!
Shall we of you no more hear tell?
And have the English killed you then?

You once were wont to sing your songs
And live, I ween, right joyously,
Joining in all the jolly throngs
Throughout the land of Normandy.

Far as St. Lo in Cotentin,
Mid fellows fair, as I hear tell,
No pilgrim like to him was seen.

The English they have done great wrong
Unto the fellows of Vau de Vire;
No more shall you hear voice or song
From those who once sang all the year.

To God with stout heart pray we will,
And to Queen Mary, that sweet maid,
To bring the English to all ill:
The Father's curse on them be laid.

The animosity against the English bursts out with even a fiercer growl of rage in some ballads composed expressly upon the ravages inflicted by Henry V.'s soldiery. One patriotic song, with a fine rolling lilt in the line, refers to the death of the hero of Agincourt, and also to the siege of Harfleur, after which Henry expelled the Norman inhabitants and planted in their stead an Anglo-Saxon colony. It further commemorates the exploits of Captain Prégent de Bidoulx, commander of the French warships in 1513, who defended the coast of Normandy from British invaders. Allusion is made in line 7 to the English custom of wearing the hair long, and the name Godar or Godan in line 12 appears to be a corruption of Goddam, the traditional French appellation of an Englishman :

The English king himself of late let call
The king of France by style and proclamation :
His curséd will it was to summon all
Good Frenchmen forth from out their land and nation.
Now is he dead at St. Fiacre en Brie :
From land of France the churls are ousted quite ;

There sneaks no English pig-tailed cur in
sight :
Cursed be their race and lineage all, say we.

They shipped their battle all upon the sea,
With store of biscuit and each knave a can ;
And so by sea to Biscay merrily
Sailed they to crown their little king Godan.
But all their doing was but idle play,
So well hath Captain Prégent made them
skip ;
Foundered they are by land and eke on ship :
Cursed by their race and lineage all, say we.

The next has been called the Marseillaise of the Norman peasantry. Even in the original it does not deserve so high-sounding a title, yet the stanzas are interesting for their rustic flavour and for the touches of unconscious humour, which season the deadly hatred they express : —

Good folk of village, thorp, and hall,
Who love the French king well,
Take heart of courage, each and all,
To fight the English fell.

Seize each his pruning-hook and hoe
To top them root and branch ;
And if you cannot make them go,
Shew a sour countenance.

Fear not to grapple with them close,
These Goddams, guts of grease ;
For one of us for four of those,
Or three, is match with ease.

By God, if I could clutch them here —
And by this oath I stand —
I'd shew them, without feint or fear,
How heavy is my hand.

Nor pig nor goose in all the shire
Have they left far or wide :
Nor fowl nor fowl-house by the byre —
God send them evil tide !

Another ballad, complaining, in like rustic fashion, of oppression and extortion, may possibly refer to English rapine, but more likely to the rapacity of feudal bailiffs and tax-collectors. Commentators differ about the " *court vestus* " in line 9.

In the Duchy of Normandy
Pillage reigns and thievery ;
Of wealth and goods there is no store :

God grant us respite presently,
Or each man, as he may, must flee,
And leave his home for evermore.

As for me, I will not stay;
For there is left nor ease nor cheer,
By reason of the shortcoats; they
Too often come my door anear.

The knaves, with foul discourtesy,
Ask us to give when nought have we,
And eke they cudgel us full sore:
Nathless, what boots it but that we
Should pray, " Good sirs, of charity,
Take all we have! What have we more?

Right willingly would I pay toll
If aught I had wherewith to pay,
But all my wealth, upon my soul,
And all my goods, are given away.

I cannot show them courtesy
By reason of grim penury,
Which keepeth me a bondman poor:
Nor friend nor lover dear have I
In France nor yet in Normandy
To aid with alms my beggared store.

God grant that peace and law might sway
Through Christendom on every side ;
Yea, grant us peace to last alway ;
So might we all secure abide.

If Christendom at one might be,
Then should we live right joyously,
And shut on grief the prison door :
God curse them who make woes to be,
And eke the blesséd Maid Mary,
Withouten hope for evermore.

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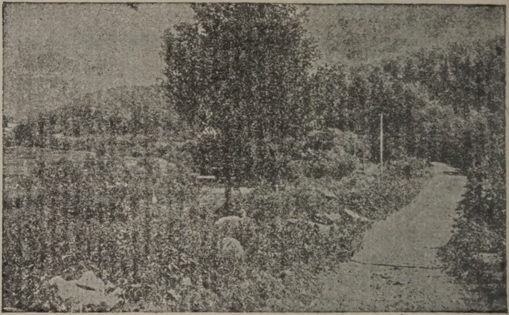

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The Bibelot

I.

THE estimate which Mr. Stedman placed upon the poetical work of Thomas William Parsons twenty years ago, in his Poets of America, *is one which stands to-day nor is it likely to be superseded :*

" Dr. Parsons holds a place of his own. He is one of those rare poets whose infrequent work is so beautiful as to make us wish for more. In quality, at least, it is of a kind with Landor's ; his touch is sure, and has at command the choicer modes of lyrical art, — those which, although fashion may overslaugh them, return again, and enable a true poet to be quite as original as when hunting devices previously unessayed.

"Parsons' briefer poems often are models, but occasionally show a trace of that stiffness which too little employment gives even the hand of daintier sense. 'Lines on a Bust of Dante,' in structure, diction, loftiness of thought, is the peer of any modern lyric in our tongue. Inversion, the vice of stilted poets, becomes with him an excellence, and old forms and accents are rehandled

and charged with life anew. . . . He has been a poet for poets, rather than for the people; but many types are required to fill out the hemicycle of a nation's literature."

II.

For those who would study the poet as he gave to, or strictly speaking, withheld himself from, the world, there are difficulties of a bibliographical nature to be reckoned with if we are to rate him at his true value.[1] *From a personal standpoint it seems strange that along with so much accomplished for many who were his contemporaries so little has been done to set forth Parsons' verse in definitive* format *thus ensuring to it acceptance as at least choice book-making if not as, it also seems to us, choice poetry.* "*A poet of the highest order whose lyric gifts are far less admired than their surpassing merit demands,*"[2] *Parsons* "*found the way,*" *to adopt his own fine phrase concerning Emerson, if not to all hearts, then assuredly to that saving remnant whose approval must and, in the final audit, does suffice.*

---

[1] *See Bibliographical Note.*

[2] *See* The Bibelot, *Vol. VII, p. 389.*

Parsons' best work, such as we here present, might not inappropriately be compared with that by a younger singer who has but recently joined the great company — Lionel Johnson. Both were obsessed by a solemn sense of mortality, both seekers, in Pater's poignant words, "after something in the world that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all." In the older poet there is a note absolutely beyond the utterance of any other American lyrist. It may well be that this austere high note came of his habit of mind concerning Dante. In it the "lonely word" beloved of Virgil and re-echoed by Tennyson, is distinctly audible.

"There is a city builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery forever more."

Is it out of keeping to say of the man who wrote this imperishable thing that which Landor did not hesitate to affirm of himself:

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I lov'd, and next to Nature, Art;
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

FOR JULY:

CHARLES LAMB:
AN APPRECIATION
BY WALTER PATER.

POEMS
By
THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

The creed of immortality is thine,
Whose life depends not on one mouldering shrine.
Your gods, ye Greeks, died long before your fanes:
Churches may crumble, but Christ's word remains.

T. W. PARSONS.

"Poet, thou hast adventured in the roar
Of mighty seas with one that never failed
To make the havens of the further shore.
Beyond that vaster Ocean thou hast sailed
What old immortal world of beauty lies!
What land where light for matter has prevailed!
What strange Atlantid dream of Paradise!

" Down what dim bank of violets did he come,
The mild historian of the Sudbury Inn,
Welcoming thee to that long-wished-for home?
What talk of comrades old didst thou begin?
What dear inquiry lingered on his tongue
Of the Sicilian, ere he led thee in
To the eternal company of Song?

. . . .

"O secret taciturn disdainful Death
Knowing all this, why hast thou held thy peace?"

RICHARD HOVEY.
(Seaward: An Elegy on the Death of Thomas William Parsons, 1893.)

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was — but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.[1]

Peace dwells not here — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

---

[1] It is told of DANTE that, when he was roaming over Italy, he came to a certain monastery, where he was met by one of the friars, who blessed him, and asked what was his desire; to which the weary stranger simply answered, "*Pace.*"

O, Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other VIRGIL now:
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of DANTE'S mind.

THE SHADOW OF THE OBELISK.

—— combien d'hommes ont regardé cette ombre en Egypte et à Rome ?

CHATEAUBRIAND.

HOMEWARD turning from the music which had so entranced my brain,
That the way I scarce remembered to the Pincian Hill again, —
Nay, was willing to forget it underneath a moon so fair,
In a solitude so sacred, and so summer-like an air, —
Came I to the side of Tiber, hardly conscious where I stood,
Till I marked the sullen murmur of the venerable flood.

Rome lay doubly dead around me, sunk in silence calm and deep:
'T was the death of desolation — and the nightly one of sleep.
Dreams alone, and recollections, peopled now the solemn hour,
Such a spot and such a season well might wake the Fancy's power:
Yet no monumental fragment, storied arch or temple vast,
Mid the mean, plebeian buildings loudly whispered of the Past.

Tethered by the shore, some barges hid the wave's august repose;
Petty sheds of humble merchants nigh the Campus Martius rose:
Hardly could the dingy Thamis, when his tide is ebbing low,
Life's dull scene in colder colors to the homesick exile show.
Winding from the vulgar prospect, through a labyrinth of lanes,
Forth I stepped upon the Corso where its greatness Rome retains.

Yet it was not ancient glory, though the midnight radiance fell
Soft on many a princely mansion, many a dome's majestic swell;
Though, from some hushed corner gushing, oft a modern fountain gleamed,
Where the marble and the waters in their freshness equal seemed:
What though open courts unfolded columns of Corinthian mould?
Beautiful it was — but altered! naught bespake the Rome of old.

So, regardless of the grandeur, passed I towards the Northern Gate;

All around were shining gardens — churches glittering,
yet sedate;
Heavenly bright the broad enclosure! but the o'erwhelming silence brought
Stillness to mine own heart's beating, with a moment's
truce of thought,
And I started as I found me walking, ere I was aware,
O'er the Obelisk's tall shadow, on the pavement of
the square.

Ghost-like seemed it to address me, and conveyed me
for a while,
Backward, through a thousand ages, to the borders of
the Nile;
Where, for centuries, every morning saw it creeping,
long and dun,
O'er the stones perchance of Memphis, or the City of
the Sun.
Kingly turrets looked upon it — pyramids and sculptured fanes;
Towers and palaces have mouldered, but the shadow
still remains.

Out of that lone tomb of Egypt, o'er the seas the
trophy flew;
Here the eternal apparition met the millions' daily
view.
Virgil's foot has touched it often — it hath kissed
Octavia's face —

Royal chariots have rolled o'er it, in the frenzy of the
race,
When the strong, the swift, the valiant, mid the
thronged arena strove,
In the days of good Augustus, and the dynasty of
Jove.

Herds are feeding in the Forum, as in old Evander's
time;
Tumbled from the steep Tarpeian all the towers that
sprang sublime.
Strange! that what seemed most inconstant should the
most abiding prove;
Strange! that what is hourly moving no mutation can
remove:
Ruined lies the cirque! the chariots, long ago, have
ceased to roll —
Even the Obelisk is broken — but the shadow still is
whole.

What is Fame! if mightiest empires leave so little
mark behind,
How much less must heroes hope for, in the wreck of
humankind!
Less than even this darksome picture, which I tread
beneath my feet,
Copied by a lifeless moonbeam on the pebbles of the
street;

Since, if Cæsar's best ambition, living, was to be renowned,
What shall Cæsar leave behind him, save the shadow of a sound?

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.[1]

Now that his noble form is clay,
One word for good old Thackeray,
One word for gentle Thackeray,
Spite of his disbelieving eye,
True Thackeray — a man who would not lie.

Among his fellows he was peer
For any gentleman that ever was;
And if the lordling stood in fear
Of the rebuke of that satiric pen,
Or if the good man sometimes gave a tear
They both were moved by equal laws,
They loved and hated him with honest cause;
'Twas Nature's truth that touched the men.

Oh nights of Addison and Steele,
And Swift and all those men, return!
Oh, for some writer, now, to make me feel!
Oh, for some talker that can bid me burn!
Like Him, with His majestic power
Of pathos mix'd with terrible attack,

---

[1] Contributed anonymously and printed in *The Boston Daily Advertiser* for January 13th, 1864, this poem by Dr. Parsons is not included in the 1893 edition to his *Poems*. See *The Bibelot*, Vol. VII, pp. 386; 389, 390.

And probing into records of the Past,
Through some enchanted hour,
To show the white and black,
And what did not — and what deserved to last!

Poet and Scholar, 'tis in vain
We summon thee from those dim Halls
Where only Death is absolute and holds unquestioned reign.
Even Shakspeare must go downward in His dust, —
And lie with all the rest of us in rust, —
And mould and gloom and mildewed tomb
(Mildewed or May-dewed, evermore a tomb)
Yet hoping still above our skies
To have his humble place among the Just.

And so "Hic jacet" — that is all
That can be writ or said or sung
Of him who held in such a thrall
With his melodious gift of pen and tongue
Both nations — old and young.

Honor's a hasty word to speak,
But now I say it solemnly and slow
To the one Englishman most like that Greek
Who wrote "The Clouds" two thousand years ago.

A DIRGE.

SLOWLY tread, and gently bear
  One that comes across the wave
From the oppression of his care,
  To the freedom of the grave.

From the merciless disease,
  Wearing body, wasting brain,
To the rest beneath the trees, —
  The forgetting of all pain.

From the delicate eye and ear,
  To the rest that shall not see;
To the sleep that shall not hear,
  Nor feel the world's vulgarity.

Bear him, in his leaden shroud,
  In his pall of foreign oak,
To the uncomplaining crowd,
  Where ill word was never spoke.

Bear him from life's broken sleep,
  Dreams of pleasure, dreams of pain,
Hopes that tremble, joys that weep,
  Loves that perish, visions vain, —

To the beautiful repose,
  Where he was before his birth;
With the ruby, with the rose,
  With the harvest, earth in earth!

Bring him to the body's rest,
  After battle, sorely spent,
Wounded, but a welcome guest
  In the Chief's triumphant tent.

MARY BOOTH.

WHAT shall we do now, Mary being dead,
  Or say or write, that shall express the half?
What *can* we do but pillow that fair head,
  And let the Spring-time write her epitaph? —

As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,
  Wind flower, and columbine, and maiden's tear;
Each letter of that pretty alphabet,
  That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love;
  She was a woman for a husband's life;
One that has learned to value, far above
  The name of Love, the sacred name of Wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,
  Had all there is of life, except gray hairs, —
Hope, love, trust, passion and devotion deep;
  And that mysterious tie a Mother bears.

She hath fulfilled her promise and hath passed:
  Set her down gently at the iron door!
Eyes look on that loved image for the last:
  Now cover it in earth, — her earth no more.

HER EPITAPH.

The handful here, that once was Mary's earth,
Held, while it breathed, so beautiful a soul,
That, when she died, all recognized her birth,
And had their sorrow in serene control.

"Not here! not here!" to every mourner's heart
The wintry wind seemed whispering round her bier
And when the tomb-door opened, with a start
We heard it echoed from within, — "Not here!"

Shouldst thou, sad pilgrim, who mayst hither pass,
Note in these flowers a delicater hue;
Should Spring come earlier to this hallowed grass,
Or the bee later linger on the dew, —

Know that her spirit to her body lent
Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can;
That even her dust, and this her monument,
Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man, —

Lonely through life, but looking for the day
When what is mortal of himself shall sleep;
When human passion shall have passed away,
And Love no longer be a thing to weep.

TO A LILAC.

I.

O Lilac, in whose purple well
Youth *in perpetuo* doth dwell,
My fancy feels thy fragrant spell.

II.

Of all that morning dews do feed, —
All flowers of garden, field, or mead, —
Thou art the first in childhood's creed:

III.

And e'en to me thy breath, in spring,
Hath power, a little while, to bring
Back to my heart its blossoming.

IV.

I seem again, with boyhood's pace,
And happy, shining, morning-face,
Bound school-ward, running learning's race.

V.

Thou, too, recall'st the tender time,
After my primer, ere my prime,
When love was born and life was rhyme;

VI.

My morning ramble, all alone;
My moonlit walk by haunted stone;
My love, that ere it fledged was flown!

VII.

At noon, tired out with hateful task,
I fling aside my worldling's mask,
And for my bunch of lilac ask.

VIII.

At vesper-time, Celestial tea
Hath no refreshment like to thee,
Whose breath is nourishment for me.

IX.

At midnight, when my friends are gone,
And I sit down to ponder on
The day, what it hath lost or won,

X.

Thy perfume, like a flageolet
That once, by dark Bolsena's lake,
What time the sun made golden set,
I heard (and seem to hear it yet),
A thousand memories doth awake
Of busy boyhood's vanished powers;
Of young ambition, flushed with praise;

Of old companions, and of hours
  That had the sunshine of whole days
  Of Italy, and Roman ways;
Of Tuscan ladies, courteous, fair,
And kind as beautiful — forbear
O Memory! — those impassioned eyes!
Beware! for that way madness lies!

XI.

O lilac, thou art come to June!
And all our orioles are in tune:
Thy doom is — to be withering soon.

XII.

And so, farewell! for other flowers
Must have their day; and mortal powers
Cannot love all things at all hours.

XIII.

Soon I shall have my *flower de luce*,
And the proud peony, whose use
It is to teach me pride's abuse.

XIV.

For I am proud as proud can be;
But when that scarlet gaud I see,
My modest *lilac* comes to me.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

THIS little seed of life and love,
  Just lent us for a day,
Came like a blessing from above, —
  Passed like a dream away.

And when we garnered in the earth
  The foison that was ours,
We felt that burial was but birth
  To spirits, as to flowers.

And still that benediction stays,
  Although its angel passed:
Dear God! thy ways, if bitter ways,
  We learn to love at last.

But for the dream, — it broke indeed,
  Yet still great comfort gives:
What was a dream is now our creed, —
  We know our darling lives.

DIRGE

FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

ROOM for a Soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whippoorwill shall mourn, where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover;
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften :
He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the wind may sigh upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And Memory shall dream upon it.

" Captain or colonel," — whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station, —
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation !
Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall Memory come to dream upon it.

TO FRANCESCA.

SING Waller's lay,
"Go, lovely rose," or some old song,
That I should play
Feebly, thy voice may make me strong
With loving memories cherished long.

Sing "Drink to me"
Or "Take, oh, take those lips away,"
Some strain to be
When I am gone and thou art gray,
Remembered of a happier day.

A solemn air,
A melody not loud but low,
Suits whitening hair;
And when the pulse is beating slow
The music's measure should move so.

The song most sweet
Is that which lulls, not thrills the ear;
So, love, repeat
For one who counteth silence dear
That which to silence is most near.

"INTO THE NOISELESS COUNTRY."

INTO the noiseless country Annie went,
Among the silent people where no sound
Of wheel or voice or implement — no roar
Of wind or billow moves the tranquil air:

And oft at midnight when my strength is spent
And day's delirium in the lull is drowned
Of deepening darkness, as I kneel before
Her palm and cross, comes to my soul this prayer,
That partly brings me back to my content,
"Oh, that hushed forest! — soon may I be there!"

"O REST OF GOD."

> *"Qui sarai tu poco tempo silvano,*
> *E sarai meco, senza fine, cive*
> *Di quella Roma onde Cristo e Romano."*
>
> DANTE: *Purgatorio.*

O REST of God that endeth every pain!
O smile serene of peace that shall remain!
O birth of being! when this faulty frame
Falls into nothingness and Death 's a name:
Hope, no more heartache, with possession blest,
Come to full fruit, possessing and possessed;
Earth's passions perishing, now love alone
Springs to its natural growth beside God's throne.

Bright soul! beloved best of best and wise,
True-hearted woman of the dauntless eyes
That looked on death without dismay, and saw
The future dawning with abated awe,
A little while a sylvan thou shalt dwell
In silent chambers of the woodland fell,
But no long time; already to thy sense
The calm is perfect that we saw commence

Ere the last breath had left thy lip, the while
Heaven's light seemed breaking on that parting smile!
And we believe that, sure as June will bring

Blossoms and bees and all the race that sing,
In God's good season, such a love as thine
Must vindicate its love in courts divine,
Strong in those words that all resembling thee
Shall one day hear,—" Ye did it unto me."

MORNING DREAMS.

'Presso al mattin del ver si sogna.' — DANTE.

LOVE, let's be thankful we are past the time
When griefs are comfortless; and, though we mourn,
Feel in our sorrow something now sublime,
And in each tear the sweetness of a kiss.
Weep on and smile then; for we know in this
Our immortality, — that nothing dies
Within our hearts, but something new is born;
And what is roughly taken from our eyes
Gently comes back in visions of the morn,
When dreams are truest. Oh, but death is bliss!
I feel as certain, looking on the face
Of a dead sister, smiling from her shroud,
That our sweet angel hath but changed her place,
And passed to peace, as when, amid the crowd
Of the mad city, I feel sure of rest
Beyond the hills, . . . a few hours further west.

PARADISI GLORIA.

'O frate mio! ciascuna e cittadina
D' una vera città' ——

THERE is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore;
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

In that pure city of the living Lamb
No ray shall fall from satellite or sun,
Or any star; but He who said "I Am,"
Shall be the Light, He and His Holy One.

There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts of pleasures, — doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose, —
Musical motion, — the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

❧

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As Lamb's latest biographer and editor points out[1] *it has been exquisitely said of him by Leigh Hunt as far back as 1835, the year after his death:* "He was only at his ease in the old arms of humanity; *and she loved and comforted him like one of her wisest, though weakest children.*" *Mr. Lucas did well to emphasise the opening sentence of this statement and we have followed him in so doing. What will come as a surprise to many of us is the editorial reminder that "not until Walter Pater's essay in 1889 was Lamb so delicately and tenderly treated again."*

This essay,[2] *than which one could scarcely desire a better subject for an Appreciation with one possible exception,*[3] *carries with it a double interest born of the fact noted by Mr. A. C. Benson in his recent study of Pater: "He was akin to Charles Lamb in the delicacy of touch, the subtle flavour of language; and still more in virtue of his tender observation, his love of interior domestic life."*

Thackeray's affectionate apostrophe re-

corded by FitzGerald[4] *we have not hesitated to prefix as fit title to a sonnet*[5] *which sums up what we may well believe will remain as a final estimate of Lamb in his human relationships. And in lines recalling those written by Johnson on the death of his old friend Robert Levett, Wordsworth voiced a personal sense of loss common to all who knew "Saint Charles," as well as those who may come to know him as the years depart:*

"The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanish'd from his lonely hearth.

"Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother follow'd brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!"

❧

FOR AUGUST:
LYRICS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED
BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

CHARLES LAMB:
AN APPRECIATION

By

WALTER PATER.

SAINT CHARLES.

To walk for ever near an awful gate,
Knowing what lies beyond, and evermore
To see it ope to take, or to restore,
A Lazarus yearly tombed; to patient wait
Returning reason; never to abate
Regard or reverence; when the busy roar
Of the wide world amazes, as of yore
With strong warm clasp the trembling hand to mate —
This is thy perfect praise! And far above
Thy critic skill, the magic of thy pen,
Thy boundless charity for weaker men —
With that great heart of Thackeray, we approve
(What sure has sealed thee heaven's denizen)
The golden splendour of thy crown of love.

J. A. RUTTER.

"Perhaps it may be thought that Pater's judgment of Lamb is coloured by too strong an infusion of his own personality, and that the Charles Lamb of the essay is hardly recognisable, clothed, as he appears to be, in his critic's very wardrobe; that Pater puts aside certain broad aspects of Lamb's character as being less congenial to himself; but I should rather myself feel that he has indeed passed behind the smiling mask which Lamb often wore, or has, perhaps, persuaded him to doff it; and that he has thus got nearer, in fact, to this melancholy loving spirit, with its self-condemned indulgences, its vein of mockery, its long spaces of dreariness, its acute sensibilities. Lamb, one feels, was a pilgrim in hard places, and, like Bunyan's pilgrims, caught desperately at the fruits that hung over the wall to relieve his sadness; and yet, in another mood, he was full of a tender quietism, with a large and loving outlook upon humanity and life. Pater seems to have come from reading Lamb like a friend who has been communing with a friend. They have talked without affectation and without disguises; and thus one feels that, though there has been, under the influence of sympathy, a certain suppression or suspension of modes of speech, of aspects of thought, that had a real bearing on Lamb's character, yet that Pater has seen the innermost heart of the man with the insight that only affection can give, an insight which subtler and harder critics seem to miss, even though the picture they may draw is incontestably truer to detail."

WALTER PATER. *By* A. C. BENSON
(in *English Men of Letters*), 1906.

CHARLES LAMB.

THOSE English critics who at the beginning of the present century introduced from Germany, together with some other subtleties of thought transplanted hither not without advantage, the distinction between the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*, made much also of the cognate distinction between *Wit* and *Humour*, between that unreal and transitory mirth, which is as the crackling of thorns under the pot, and the laughter which blends with tears and even with the sublimities of the imagination, and which, in its most exquisite motives, is one with pity — the laughter of the comedies of Shakespeare, hardly less expressive than his moods of seriousness or solemnity, of that deeply stirred soul of sympathy in him, as flowing from which both tears and laughter are alike genuine and contagious.

This distinction between wit and humour, Coleridge and other kindred critics applied, with much effect, in their studies of some of our older English writers. And as the distinction between imagination and fancy, made popular by Wordsworth, found its best justification in certain essential differences of stuff in Wordsworth's own writings, so this other critical distinction, between wit and humour, finds a sort of visible interpretation and instance in the character and writings of Charles Lamb ; — one who lived more consistently than most writers among subtle literary theories, and whose remains are still full of curious interest for the student of literature as a fine art.

The author of the *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, coming to the humourists of the nineteenth, would have found, as is true preëminently of Thackeray himself, the springs of pity in them deepened by the deeper subjectivity, the intenser and closer living with itself, which is characteristic of the temper of the later generation ; and therewith, the mirth also, from the amalgam of which with pity humour proceeds, has become, in Charles Dickens, for example, freer and more boisterous.

To this more high-pitched feeling, since predominant in our literature, the writings of Charles Lamb, whose life occupies the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, are a transition; and such union of grave, of terrible even, with gay, we may note in the circumstances of his life, as reflected thence into his work. We catch the aroma of a singular, homely sweetness about his first years, spent on Thames' side, amid the red bricks and terraced gardens, with their rich historical memories of old-fashioned legal London. Just above the poorer class, deprived, as he says, of the "sweet food of academic institution," he is fortunate enough to be reared in the classical languages at an ancient school, where he becomes the companion of Coleridge, as at a later period he was his enthusiastic disciple. So far, the years go by with less than the usual share of boyish difficulties; protected, one fancies, seeing what he was afterwards, by some attraction of temper in the quaint child, small and delicate, with a certain Jewish expression in his clear, brown complexion, eyes not precisely of the same colour, and a slow walk adding to the staidness of his figure; and whose infirmity of speech, increased by agitation, is partly engaging.

And the cheerfulness of all this, of the mere aspect of Lamb's quiet subsequent life also, might make the more superficial reader think of him as in himself something slight, and of his mirth as cheaply bought. Yet we know that beneath this blithe surface there was something of the fateful domestic horror, of the beautiful heroism and devotedness too, of old Greek tragedy. His sister Mary, ten years his senior, in a sudden paroxysm of madness, caused the death of her mother, and was brought to trial for what an overstrained justice might have construed as the greatest of crimes. She was released on the brother's pledging himself to watch over her; and to this sister, from the age of twenty-one, Charles Lamb sacrificed himself, "seeking thenceforth," says his earliest biographer, "no connexion which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and comfort her." The "feverish, romantic tie of love," he cast away in exchange for the "charities of home." Only, from time to time, the madness returned, affecting him too, once; and we see the brother and sister voluntarily yielding to restraint. In estimating the humour of *Elia*, we must no more forget the strong undercurrent of this great misfortune and pity, than one could forget it in his actual story. So he becomes the best critic, almost the discoverer, of Webster, a dramatist of genius so sombre, so heavily coloured, so *macabre*. *Rosamund Grey*, written in his twenty-third year, a story with something bitter and exaggerated, an almost insane fixedness of gloom perceptible in it, strikes clearly this note in his work.

For himself, and from his own point of view, the exercise of his gift, of his literary art, came to gild or sweeten a life of monotonous labour, and seemed, as far as regarded others, no very important thing; availing to give them a little pleasure, and inform them a little, chiefly in a retrospective manner, but in no way concerned with the turning of the tides of the great world. And yet this very modesty, this unambitious way of conceiving his work, has impressed upon it a certain exceptional enduringness. For of the remarkable English writers contemporary with Lamb, many were greatly preoccupied with ideas of practice — religious, moral, political — ideas which have since, in some sense or other, entered permanently into the general consciousness; and, these having no longer any stimulus for a generation provided with a different stock of ideas, the writings of those who spent so much of themselves in their propagation have lost, with posterity, something of what they gained by them in immediate influence. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley even — sharing so largely in the unrest of their own age, and made personally more interesting thereby, yet, of their actual work, surrender more to the mere course of time than some of those who may have seemed to exercise themselves hardly at all in great matters, to have been little serious, or a little indifferent, regarding them.

Of this number of the disinterested servants of literature, smaller in England than in France, Charles Lamb is one. In the making of prose he realises the principle of art for its own sake, as completely as Keats in the making of verse. And, working ever close to the concrete, to the details, great or small, of actual things, books, persons, and with no part of them blurred to his vision by the intervention of mere abstract theories, he has reached an enduring moral effect also, in a sort of boundless sympathy. Unoccupied, as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woeful heart of things, and meets it more than half-way with a perfect understanding of it. What sudden, unexpected touches of pathos in him! — bearing witness how the sorrow of humanity, the *Weltschmerz*, the constant aching of its wounds, is ever present with him: but what a gift also for the enjoyment of life in its subtleties, of enjoyment actually refined by the need of some thoughtful economies and making the most of things! Little arts of happiness he is ready to teach to others. The quaint remarks of children which another would scarcely have heard, he preserves — little flies in the priceless amber of his Attic wit — and has his "Praise of chimney-sweepers" (as William Blake has written, with so much natural pathos, the Chimney-sweeper's Song) valuing carefully their white teeth, and fine enjoyment of white sheets in stolen sleep at Arundel

Castle, as he tells the story, anticipating something of the mood of our deep humourists of the last generation. His simple mother-pity for those who suffer by accident, or unkindness of nature, blindness for instance, or fateful disease of mind like his sister's, has something primitive in its largeness; and on behalf of ill-used animals he is early in composing a *Pity's Gift*.

And if, in deeper or more superficial sense, the dead *do* care at all for their name and fame, then how must the souls of Shakespeare and Webster have been stirred, after so long converse with things that stopped their ears, whether above or below the soil, at his exquisite appreciations of them; the souls of Titian and of Hogarth too; for, what has not been observed so generally as the excellence of his literary criticism, Charles Lamb is a fine critic of painting also. It was as loyal, self-forgetful work for others, for Shakespeare's self first, for instance, and then for Shakespeare's readers, that that too was done: he has the true scholar's way of forgetting himself in his subject. For though "defrauded," as we saw, in his young years, " of the sweet food of academic institution," he is yet essentially a scholar, and all his work mainly retrospective, as I said; his own sorrows, affections, perceptions, being alone real to him of the present. "I cannot make these present times," he says once, "present to *me*."

Above all, he becomes not merely an expositor, permanently valuable, but for Englishmen almost the discoverer of the old English drama. " The book is such as I am glad there should be," he modestly says of the *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare ;* to which, however, he adds in a series of notes the very quintessence of criticism, the choicest savour and perfume of Elizabethan poetry being sorted, and stored here, with a sort of delicate intellectual epicureanism, which has had the effect of winning for these, then almost forgotten, poets, one generation after another of enthusiastic students. Could he but have known how fresh a source of culture he was evoking there for other generations, through all those years in which, a little wistfully, he would harp on the limitation of his time by business, and sigh for a better fortune in regard to literary opportunities!

To feel strongly the charm of an old poet or moralist, the literary charm of Burton, for instance, or Quarles, or The Duchess of Newcastle; and then to interpret that charm, to convey it to others — he seeming to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministration, that of which for them he is really the creator — this is the way of his criticism; cast off in a stray letter often, or passing note, or lightest essay or conversation. It is in such a letter, for instance, that we come upon a singularly penetrative estimate of the genius and writings of Defoe.

Tracking, with an attention always alert, the whole process of their production to its starting-point in the deep places of the mind, he seems to realise the but half-conscious intuitions of Hogarth or Shakespeare, and develops the great ruling unities which have swayed their actual work; or "puts up," and takes, the one morsel of good stuff in an old, forgotten writer. Even in what he says casually there comes an aroma of old English; noticeable echoes, in chance turn and phrase, of the great masters of style, the old masters. Godwin, seeing in quotation a passage from *John Woodvil*, takes it for a choice fragment of an old dramatist, and goes to Lamb to assist him in finding the author. His power of delicate imitation in prose and verse reaches the length of a fine mimicry even, as in those last essays of Elia on Popular Fallacies, with their gentle reproduction of caricature of Sir Thomas Browne, showing, the more completely, his mastery, by disinterested study, of those elements of the man which were the real source of style in that great, solemn master of old English, who, ready to say what he has to say with fearless homeliness, yet continually overawes one with touches of a strange utterance from worlds afar. For it is with the delicacies of fine literature especially, its gradations of expression, its fine judgment, its pure sense of words, of vocabulary — things, alas! dying out in the English literature of the present, together with the appreciation of them in our literature of the past — that his literary mission is chiefly concerned. And yet, delicate, refining, daintily epicurean, as he may seem, when he writes of giants, such as Hogarth or Shakespeare, though often but in a stray note, you catch the sense of veneration with which those great names in past literature and art brooded over his intelligence, his undiminished impressibility by the great effects in them. Reading, commenting on Shakespeare, he is like a man who walks alone under a grand stormy sky, and among unwonted tricks of light, when powerful spirits might seem to be abroad upon the air; and the grim humour of Hogarth, as he analyses it, rises into a kind of spectral grotesque; while he too knows the secret of fine, significant touches like theirs.

There are traits, customs, characteristics of houses and dress, surviving morsels of old life, such as Hogarth has transferred so vividly into *The Rake's Progress*, or *Marriage à la Mode*, concerning which we well understand how, common, uninteresting, or even worthless in themselves, they have come to please us at last as things picturesque, being set in relief against the modes of our different age. Customs, stiff to us, stiff dresses, stiff furniture — types of cast-off fashions, left by accident, and which no one ever meant to preserve — we contemplate with more than good-nature, as having in them the veritable accent of a time, not altogether to be replaced by its more solemn and self-conscious deposits ; like those tricks of individuality which we find quite tolerable in persons, because they convey to us the secret of lifelike expression, and with regard to which we are all to some extent humourists. But it is part of the privilege of the genuine humourist to anticipate this pensive mood with regard to the ways and things of his own day ; to look upon the tricks in manner of the life about him with that same refined, purged sort of vision, which will come naturally to those of a later generation, in observing whatever may have survived by chance of its mere external habit. Seeing things always by the light of an understanding more entire than is possible for ordinary minds, of the whole mechanism of humanity, and seeing also the manner, the outward mode or fashion, always in strict connexion with the spiritual condition which determined it, a humourist such as Charles Lamb anticipates the enchantment of distance; and the characteristics of places, ranks, habits of life, are transfigured for him, even now and in advance of time, by poetic light; justifying what some might condemn as mere sentimentality, in the effort to hand on unbroken the tradition of such fashion or accent. "The praise of beggars," "the cries of London," the traits of actors just grown "old," the spots in "town" where the country, its fresh green and fresh water, still lingered on, one after another, amidst the bustle; the quaint, dimmed, just played-out farces, he had relished so much, coming partly through them to understand the earlier English theatre as a thing once really alive; those fountains and sun-dials of old gardens, of which he entertains such dainty discourse:—he feels the poetry of these things, as the poetry of things old indeed, but surviving as an actual part of the life of the present, and as something quite different from the poetry of things flatly gone from us and antique, which come back to us, if at all, as entire strangers, like Scott's old Scotch-border personages, their oaths and armour. Such gift of appreciation depends, as I said, on the habitual apprehension of men's life as a whole — its organic wholeness, as extending even to the least things in it — of its outward manner in connexion with its inward temper; and it involves a fine perception of the congruities, the musical accordance between humanity and its environment of custom, society, personal intercourse; as if all this, with its meetings, partings, ceremonies, gesture, tones of speech, were some delicate instrument on which an expert performer is playing.

These are some of the characteristics of Elia, one essentially an essayist, and of the true family of Montaigne, "never judging," as he says, "system-wise of things, but fastening on particulars;" saying all things as it were on chance occasion only, and by way of pastime, yet succeeding thus, "glimpse-wise," in catching and recording more frequently than others "the gayest, happiest attitude of things;" a casual writer for dreamy readers, yet always giving the reader so much more than he seemed to propose. There is something of the follower of George Fox about him, and the Quaker's belief in the inward light coming to one passive, to the mere wayfarer, who will be sure at all events to lose no light which falls by the way — glimpses, suggestions, delightful half-apprehensions, profound thoughts of old philosophers, hints of the innermost reason in things, the full knowledge of which is held in reserve; all the varied stuff, that is, of which genuine essays are made.

And with him, as with Montaigne, the desire of self-portraiture is, below all more superficial tendencies, the real motive in writing at all — a desire closely connected with that intimacy, that modern subjectivity, which may be called the *Montaignesque* element in literature. What he designs is to give you himself, to acquaint you with his likeness; but must do this, if at all, indirectly, being indeed always more or less reserved, for himself and his friends; friendship counting for so much in his life, that he is jealous of anything that might jar or disturb it, even to the length of a sort of insincerity, to which he assigns its quaint "praise;" this lover of stage plays significantly welcoming a little touch of the artificiality of play to sweeten the intercourse of actual life.

And, in effect, a very delicate and expressive portrait of him does put itself together for the duly meditative reader. In indirect touches of his own work, scraps of faded old letters, what others remembered of his talk, the man's likeness emerges; what he laughed and wept at, his sudden elevations, and longings after absent friends, his fine casuistries of affection and devices to jog sometimes, as he says, the lazy happiness of perfect love, his solemn moments of higher discourse with the young, as they came across him on occasion, and went along a little way with him, the sudden, surprised apprehension of beauties in old literature, revealing anew the deep soul of poetry in things, and withal the pure spirit of fun, having its way again; laughter, that most short-lived of all things (some of Shakespeare's even being grown hollow) wearing well with him. Much of all this comes out through his letters, which may be regarded as a department of his essays. He is an old-fashioned letter-writer, the essence of the old fashion of letter-writing lying, as with true essay-writing, in the dexterous availing oneself of accident and circumstance, in the prosecution of deeper lines of observation; although, just as with the record of his conversation, one loses something, in losing the actual tones of the stammerer, still graceful in his halting, as he halted also in composition, composing slowly and by fits, "like a Flemish painter," as he tells us, so "it is to be regretted," says the editor of his letters, "that in the printed letters the reader will lose the curious varieties of writing with which the originals abound, and which are scrupulously adapted to the subject."

Also, he was a true "collector," delighting in the personal finding of a thing, in the colour an old book or print gets for him by the little accidents which attest previous ownership. Wither's *Emblems*, "that old book and quaint," long-desired, when he finds it at last, he values none the less because a child had coloured the plates with his paints. A lover of household warmth everywhere, of that tempered atmosphere which our various habitations get by men's living within them, he "sticks to his favourite books as he did to his friends," and loved the "town," with a jealous eye for all its characteristics, "old houses" coming to have souls for him. The yearning for mere warmth against him in another, makes him content, all through life, with pure brotherliness, "the most kindly and natural species of love," as he says, in place of the *passion* of love. Brother and sister, sitting thus side by side, have, of course, their anticipations how one of them must sit at last in the faint sun alone, and set us speculating, as we read, as to precisely what amount of melancholy really accompanied for him the approach of old age, so steadily foreseen; make us note also, with pleasure, his successive wakings up to cheerful realities, out of a too curious musing over what is gone and what remains, of life. In his subtle capacity for enjoying the more refined points of earth, of human relationship, he could throw the gleam of poetry or humour on what seemed common or threadbare; has a care for the sighs, and the weary, humdrum preoccupations of very weak people, down to their little pathetic "gentilities," even; while, in the purely human temper, he can write of death, almost like Shakespeare.

And that care, through all his enthusiasm of discovery, for what is accustomed, in literature, connected thus with his close clinging to home and the earth, was congruous also with that love for the accustomed in religion, which we may notice in him. He is one of the last votaries of that old-world sentiment, based on the feelings of hope and awe, which may be described as the religion of men of letters (as Sir Thomas Browne has his *Religion of the Physician*) religion as understood by the soberer men of letters in the last century, Addison, Gray, and Johnson; by Jane Austen and Thackeray, later. A high way of feeling developed largely by constant intercourse with the great things of literature, and extended in its turn to those matters greater still, this religion lives, in the main retrospectively, in a system of received sentiments and beliefs; received, like those great things of literature and art, in the first instance, on the authority of a long tradition, in the course of which they have linked themselves in a thousand complex ways to the conditions of human life, and no more questioned now than the feeling one keeps by one of the greatness — say! of Shakespeare. For Charles Lamb, such form of religion becomes the solemn background on which the nearer and more exciting objects of his immediate experience relieve themselves, borrowing from it an expression of calm; its necessary atmosphere being indeed a profound quiet, that quiet which has in it a kind of sacramental efficacy, working, we might say, on the principle of the *opus operatum*, almost without any co-operation of one's own, towards the assertion of the higher self. And, in truth, to men of Lamb's delicately attuned temperament mere physical stillness has its full value; such natures seeming to long for it sometimes, as for no merely negative thing, with a sort of mystical sensuality.

The writings of Charles Lamb are an excellent illustration of the value of reserve in literature. Below his quiet, his quaintness, his humour, and what may seem the slightness, the occasional or accidental character of his work, there lies, as I said at starting, as in his life, a genuinely tragic element. The gloom, reflected as its darkest in those hard shadows of *Rosamund Grey*, is always there, though not always realised either for himself or his readers, and restrained always in utterance. It gives to those lighter matters on the surface of life and literature among which he for the most part moved, a wonderful force of expression, as if at any moment these slight words and fancies might pierce very far into the deeper soul of things. In his writing, as in his life, that quiet is not the low-flying of one from the first drowsy by choice, and needing the prick of some strong passion or worldly ambition, to stimulate him into all the energy of which he is capable; but rather the reaction of nature, after an escape from fate, dark and insane as in old Greek tragedy, following upon which the sense of mere relief becomes a kind of passion, as with one who, having narrowly escaped earthquake or shipwreck, finds a thing for grateful tears in just sitting quiet at home, under the wall, till the end of days.

He felt the genius of places; and I sometimes think he resembles the places he knew and liked best, and where his lot fell — London, sixty-five years ago, with Covent Garden and the old theatres, and the Temple gardens still unspoiled, Thames gliding down, and beyond to north and south the fields at Enfield or Hampton, to which, " with their living trees," the thoughts wander "from the hard wood of the desk" — fields fresher, and coming nearer to town then, but in one of which the present writer remembers, on a brooding early summer's day, to have heard the cuckoo for the first time. Here, the surface of things is certainly humdrum, the streets dingy, the green places, where the child goes a-maying, tame enough. But nowhere are things more apt to respond to the brighter weather, nowhere is there so much difference between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly; those quaint suburban pastorals gathering a certain quality of grandeur from the background of the great city, with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples.

NOTES TO FOREWORD.

1 See *The Life of Charles Lamb.* By E. V. Lucas. 2 vols. Octavo. New York and London, 1905. Vol. I, pp. 452, 453.

2 First appeared in *Fortnightly Review,* October, 1878; reprinted in *Appreciations with an Essay on Style,* London, 1889.

3 "If only Blake had been given a place among Pater's *Appreciations!* I would have it just the length, or rather the shortness, of the essay on Lamb." (See an unsigned, delightfully suggestive article "Of Unwritten Books" in *The Atlantic Monthly,* May, 1906.)

4 See *The Works of Edward FitzGerald,* 7 vols. Octavo. London, 1903. Vol. III, pp. 228, 321.

5 See *The Essays of Elia.* Illustrated by A. Garth Jones. With an Introduction by E. V. Lucas. 8vo. London, 1902.

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If we look in vain for any love lyrics

---

[1] *In the main we have followed Mangan's text as given in* James Clarence Mangan: His Selected Poems with a Study by the Editor, Louise Imogen Guiney, *Boston, 1897. This "Study" to a large extent supersedes the biographical Introduction by John Mitchel prefixed to his edition of the* Poems, *New York, 1870.* A Treasury of Irish Poetry, *edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston, (New York, 1900,) contains an article by Lionel Johnson (pp. 241-250,) which deserves attention. In some instances the readings here adopted are taken direct from Mangan's* Anthologia Germanica, *2 vols., Dublin, 1845.*

[2] *He did what Edward FitzGerald did in his version of Omar; what Whitman in a solitary instance did so successfully with a mediocre original by Henri Murger,—what in fact all translators must do if the result is to be* poetry.

akin in utterance to the "red, red rose" of Burns, or fail to find a single unforgettable burden of an old song like "over the hills and far away," which has come down to us from a source as yet unidentified, there is, nevertheless, a residuum of poetic gold; a something of high and haunting beauty even though it conveys the final sense of ill fortune and defeat. Of all men born Mangan could most truly have echoed the words of Senancour's epitaph: eternity be thou my refuge!

"*To reprint Mangan in bulk would be (and one may count that his first stroke of luck!) difficult. It would amount, moreover, to the sin of detraction." Miss Guiney even insists that "at the most thirty-five poems would adequately show the quintessence of his gift." If, therefore, we bring together fifteen poems out of this possible thirty-five we have at least pointed the way.* The Bibelot, *it should be noted, is a finger post rather than a complete itinerary which the mental traveller is bound to follow.*

❧

FOR SEPTEMBER:
ON GOING A JOURNEY
BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

LYRICS: ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED
By
JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

To *this khan — and* from *this khan*
  How many pilgrims came — and went too!
In *this khan — and* by *this khan*
  What arts were spent — what hearts were rent too!
To *this khan — and* from *this khan,*
  Which for penance Man is sent to,
Many a van and caravan
  Crowded came — and shrouded went too!
Christian man and Mosleman,
  Guebre, Heathen, Jew, and Gentoo,
To *this khan — and* from *this khan*
  Weeping came — and sleeping went too!
A riddle this since Time began
  Which many a sage his mind hath bent too;
All came and went, but never man
  Knew whence they came or where they went too!

GHAZEL: THE WORLD.

(Ascribed by Mangan to KEMAL-OOMI, who was born in Caramania, OB. 1446, and lies buried at Adrianople!)

NOTE TO "SPIRITS EVERYWHERE."

"SARAH AUSTIN's exquisite translation," which, to a reviewer of *The Complete Writings of Walt Whitman* (1902) in *The Nation* for May 14, 1903, is "Uhland's greatest poem," affords an excellent illustration of how two versions help in an appreciation of the German original. The Austin version is well known; not so Mangan's, a *tour de force*, conveying the effect of a rocking, gliding motion of the boat unpremeditated, it may be, but all the same of lasting rhythmical beauty.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

MY DARK ROSALEEN.[1]

(TRADITIONAL.)

O MY Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and thro' dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen,

---

[1] This impassioned song, entitled, in the original, *Roisin Dubh*, or The Black-Haired Little Rose, was written in the reign of Elizabeth by one of the poets of the celebrated Tyrconnellian chieftain, Hugh the Red O'Donnell. It purports to be an allegorical address from Hugh to Ireland on the subject of his love and struggles for her, and his resolve to raise her again to the glorious position she held as a nation before the irruption of the Saxon and Norman spoilers. [*Mangan's own note.*]

For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
O there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love !
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen ;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !

'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal :
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
You'll think of me thro' daylight hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen !

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
O I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills !
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen !

O the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

ELLEN BAWN.

(TRADITIONAL.)

Ellen Bawn, O Ellen Bawn, you darling, darling dear, you,
Sit awhile beside me here; I'll die unless I'm near you!
'Tis for you I'd swim the Suir and breast the Shannon's waters;
For, Ellen dear, you've not your peer in Galway's blooming daughters!

Had I Limerick's gems and gold at will to meet and measure,
Were Loughrea's abundance mine, and all Portumna's treasure,
These might lure me, might ensure me many and many a new love,
But ah! no bribe could pay your tribe for one like you, my true love!

Blessings be on Connaught! That's the place for sport and raking;
Blessings, too, my love, on you, a-sleeping and awaking!
I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the sun went under,
But, woe! the flooding Shannon broke across my path in thunder.

Ellen! I'd give all the deer in Limerick's parks and
arbors,
Aye, and all the ships that rode last year in Munster
harbors,
Could I blot from time the hour I first became your
lover;
For O! you've given my heart a wound it never can
recover!

Were to God that in the sod my corpse to-night were
lying,
And the wild birds wheeling o'er it, and the winds
a-sighing!
Since your cruel mother and your kindred choose to
sever
Two hearts that Love would blend in one for ever
and for ever.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

O THE rain, the weary, dreary rain,
How it plashes on the window-sill!
Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,
Strass and Gass[1] around are grown so still.
Here I sit, with coffee in my cup:
Ah! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
In the tavern where I loved to sup
Twenty golden years ago!

Twenty years ago, alas! — (But stay:
On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock!
After all, the hours do slip away.
Come, here goes to burn another block.
For the night, or morn, is wet and cold,
And my fire is dwindling rather low:
I had fire enough, when young and bold,
Twenty golden years ago.)

Dear! I don't feel well at all, somehow:
Few in Weimar dream how bad I am.
Floods of tears grow common with me now,
High Dutch floods, that reason cannot dam.
Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
If I mope at home so; I don't know!
Am I living now? I was alive
Twenty golden years ago.

---

[1] Street and lane.

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone,
Not quite bookless, tho', unless I choose;
Left with naught to do, except to groan,
Not a soul to woo, except the muse; —
O but this is hard for me to bear,
Me, who whilom lived so much *en haut*,
Me, who broke all hearts like chinaware,
Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 'tis better time's defacing waves
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow;
They who curse me nightly from their graves,
Scarce could love me were they living now.
But my loneliness hath darker ills:
Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
Awful Gorgons! worse than tailor's bills
Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
O how plaintive you would ween I was!
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Kerner has!
Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
Mine for withered hopes; my scroll of woe
Dates, alas, from youth's deserted bowers,
Twenty golden years ago!

Yet, may Deutschland bardlings flourish long!
Me, I tweak no beak among them; hawks
Must not pounce on hawks: besides, in song
I could once beat all of them by chalks.
Though you find me, as I near my goal,
Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
Ah, I had a grand Byronian soul
Twenty golden years ago!

Tick-tick, tick-tick! — Not a sound save time's,
And the wind-gust as it drives the rain.
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
Sleep! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes.
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow:
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!

THE ONE MYSTERY.

'Tis idle! we exhaust and squander
The glittering mine of thought in vain;
All-baffled reason cannot wander
Beyond her chain.
The flood of life runs dark; dark clouds
Make lampless night around its shore:
The dead, where are they? In their shrouds!
Man knows no more.

Evoke the ancient and the past;
Will one illumining star arise?
Or must the film, from first to last,
O'erspread thine eyes?
When life, love, glory, beauty, wither,
Will wisdom's page, or science' chart,
Map out for thee the region whither
Their shades depart?

Supposest thou the wondrous powers
To high imagination given,
Pale types of what shall yet be ours,
When earth is heaven?
When this decaying shell is cold,
Ah, sayest thou the soul shall climb
That magic mount she trod of old,
Ere childhood's time?

And shall the sacred pulse that thrilled,
Thrill once again to glory's name?
And shall the conquering love that filled
All earth with flame,
Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
Resume his reign in prouder might,
A sun beyond the ebon portal
Of death and night?

No more, no more! . . . With aching brow,
And restless heart, and burning brain,
We ask the when, the where, the how,
And ask in vain.
And all philosophy, all faith,
All earthly, all celestial lore,
Have but one voice, which only saith:
Endure, adore.

GONE IN THE WIND.[1]

SOLOMON, where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of noon, like the dreams of the blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man, canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind:
Tho' there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon, where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined;
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;
Honor and affluence? *Firmans* that Fortune hath signed,
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

---

[1] With one of Mangan's usual mystifications this magnificent threnody was described by him as a translation from the German of Rückert, and has hitherto always been printed as such. It has, however, no German original — the phrase "gone in the wind" being practically all that it possesses in common with a certain poem of Rückert's, and there the phrase is used differently. We therefore restore the poem to its true author. [Note by Lionel Johnson in *A Treasury of Irish Poetry* (p. 274) New York and London, 1900.]

Solomon, where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind.

Mortal, be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined;
Woe to the miners for Truth, where the lampless have mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for what none ever find:
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

Solomon, where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity thou, reader, the madness of poor humankind
Raving of knowledge; (and Satan so busy to blind!)
Raving of glory, like me; for the garlands I bind,
Garlands of song, are but gathered, and strewn in the wind.

Solomon, where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire is declined,
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That once there was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his grief and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song;

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning-beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid:
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hope blasted,
He still, still strove,

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
(And some whose hands should have wrought for him,
If children live not for sires and mothers,)
His mind grew dim;

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns;

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms: there let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here, and in hell.

THE KARAMANIAN EXILE.

I SEE thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman, O Karaman!
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman!
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman!
On all my dreams, my homesick dreams,
Karaman, O Karaman!

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
Karaman!
Seem death-black marble to mine eyes,
Karaman, O Karaman!
I turn from summer's blooms and dyes;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory to mine eyes,
Karaman!
In thee my life of life yet lies,
Karaman!
Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
Karaman, O Karaman!

Ere my fighting years were come,
Karaman !
Troops were few in Erzerome,
Karaman, O Karaman !
Their fiercest came from Erzerome,
They came from Ukhbar's palace dome,
They dragged me forth from thee, my home,
Karaman !
Thee, my own, my mountain home,
Karaman !
In life and death, my spirit's home,
Karaman, O Karaman !

O none of all my sisters ten,
Karaman !
Loved like me my fellow-men,
Karaman, O Karaman !
I was mild as milk till then,
I was soft as silk till then ;
Now my breast is as a den,
Karaman !
Foul with blood and bones of men,
Karaman !
With blood and bones of slaughtered men,
Karaman, O Karaman !

My boyhood's feelings newly born,
Karaman !

Withered like young flowers uptorn,
Karaman, O Karaman!
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn;
What once I loved now moves my scorn;
My burning eyes are dried to horn,
Karaman!
I hate the blessed light of morn,
Karaman!
It maddens me, the face of morn,
Karaman, O Karaman!

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,
Karaman!
But bondage worse than this remains,
Karaman, O Karaman!
His heart is black with million stains:
Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,
Shall nevermore fall dews and rains,
Karaman!
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman!
Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,
Karaman, O Karaman!

But life at worst must end ere long,
Karaman!
Azrael[1] avengeth every wrong,
Karaman, O Karaman!

---

[1] The angel of death.

Of late my thoughts rove more among
Thy fields; o'ershadowing fancies throng
My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
Karaman!
Azrael is terrible and strong,
Karaman!
His lightning sword smites all ere long,
Karaman, O Karaman!

There's care to-night in Ukhbar's halls,
Karaman!
There's hope, too, for his trodden thralls,
Karaman, O Karaman!
What lights flash red along yon walls?
Hark! hark! the muster-trumpet calls!
I see the sheen of spears and shawls,
Karaman!
The foe! the foe! — they scale the walls,
Karaman!
To-night Muràd or Ukhbar falls,
Karaman, O Karaman!

SPIRITS EVERYWHERE.[1]

(UHLAND.)

A MANY a summer is dead and buried
Since over this flood I last was ferried;
And then, as now, the Noon lay bright
On strand, and water, and castled height.

Beside me then in this bark sat nearest
Two companions the best and dearest!
One was a gentle and thoughtful sire,
The other a youth with a soul of fire.

One, outworn by Care and Illness,
Sought the grave of the Just in stillness;
The other's shroud was the bloody rain
And thunder-smoke of the battle-plain.

Yet still, when Memory's necromancy
Robes the Past in the hues of Fancy,
Medreameth I hear and see the Twain
With talk and smiles at my side again!

Even the grave is a bond of union;
Spirit and spirit best hold communion!
Seen through Faith, by the Inward Eye,
It is *after* Life they are truly nigh!

---

[1] See note given on page 248.

Then, ferryman, take this coin, I pray thee,
Thrice thy fare I cheerfully pay thee;
For, though thou seest them not, there stand
Anear me Two from the Phantomland!

MAN MUST BE A BELIEVER, WHERE LOVE IS THE DECEIVER.

(TIEK.)

A LITTLE bird flew through the dell,
And where the failing sunbeams fell
He warbled thus his wondrous lay,
"Adieu! adieu! I go away:
Far, far,
Must I voyage ere the twilight star!"

It pierced me through, the song he sang,
With many a sweet and bitter pang:
For wounding joy, delicious pain,
My bosom swelled and sank again.
Heart! heart!
Is it drunk with bliss or woe thou art?

Then, when I saw the drifted leaves,
I said "Already Autumn grieves!
To sunnier skies the swallow hies:
So Love departs and Longing flies,
Far, far,
Where the Radiant and the Beauteous are."

But soon the sun shone out anew,
And back the little flutterer flew:
He saw my grief, he saw my tears,
And sang, "Love knows no Winter years!
No! no!
While it lives its breath is Summer's glow!"

HOME-SICKNESS.

(KERNER.)

THERE calleth me ever a marvellous Horn,
“Come away! Come away!”
Is it earthly music faring astray,
Or is it air-born?
Oh, whether it be a spirit-wile
Or a forest voice,
It biddeth mine ailing heart rejoice,
Yet sorrow the while!

In the greenwood glades — o’er the garlanded bowl —
Night, Noontide, and Morn,
The summoning call of that marvellous Horn
Tones home to my soul!
In vain have I sought for it east and west,
But I darkly feel
That so soon as its music shall cease to peal
I go to my rest!

SWABIAN POPULAR SONG.

Where are they, the belovèd,
The gladsome, all?
Where are they, the belovèd,
The gladsome, all?
They left the festal hearth and hall.
They pine afar from us in alien climes.
O, who shall bring them back to us once more?
Who shall restore
Life's fairy floral times?
Restore
Life's fairy floral times?

Where are they, the belovèd,
The gallant, all?
Where are they, the belovèd,
The gallant, all?
At freedom's thrilling clarion-call
They went forth in the pride of youthhood's powers.
O, who shall give them back to us once more?
Who shall restore
Long-buried hearts and hours?
Restore
Long-buried hearts and hours?

Where are they, the belovèd,
The gifted, all?
Where are they, the belovèd,
The gifted, all?

They would not yield their souls the thrall
Of gold, nor sell the glory of their lays.
O, who shall give them back to us once more?
Who shall restore
The bright young songful days?
Restore
The bright young songful days?

God only can restore us
The lost ones all,
But God He will restore us
The lost ones all!
What tho' the future's shadows fall
Dark o'er their fate, seen darker through our tears,
Our God will give them back to us once more.
He can restore
The vanished golden years;
Restore
The vanished golden years!

THE GRAVE, THE GRAVE.

(MAHLMANN.)

BLEST are the dormant
In death : they repose
From bondage and torment,
From passions and woes,
From the yoke of the world and the snares of the traitor.
The grave, the grave is the true liberator !

Griefs chase one another
Around the earth's dome ;
In the arms of the mother
Alone is our home.
Woo pleasure, ye triflers ! The thoughtful are wiser :
The grave, the grave is their one tranquillizer !

Is the good man unfriended
On life's ocean-path,
Where storms have expended
Their turbulent wrath ?
Are his labors requited by slander and rancor ?
The grave, the grave is his sure bower-anchor !

To gaze on the faces
Of lost ones anew,
To lock in embraces
The loved and the true,
Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter.
The grave, the grave is the great reuniter !

Crown the corpse then with laurels,
The conqueror's wreath,
Make joyous with carols
The chamber of death,
And welcome the victor with cymbal and psalter:
The grave, the grave is the only exalter!

A SONG FROM THE COPTIC.

(GOETHE.)

QUARRELS have long been in vogue among sages;
Still, though in many things wranglers and rancorous,
All the philosopher-scribes of all ages
Join, *unâ voce*, on one point to anchor us.
Here is the gist of their mystified pages,
Here is the wisdom we purchase with gold —
Children of Light, leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;
Berries were bitter in forests of old.

Hoary old Merlin, that great necromancer,
Made me, a student, a similar answer,
When I besought him for light and for lore:
Toiler in vain! leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;
Granite was hard in the quarries of yore.

And on the ice-crested heights of Armenia,
And in the vallies of broad Abyssinia,
Still spake the Oracle just as before:
Wouldst thou have peace, leave the world to its mulishness,
Things to their natures, and fools to their foolishness;
Beetles were blind in the ages of yore.

AND THEN NO MORE.

(RÜCKERT.)

I SAW her once, one little while, and then no more :
'Twas Eden's light on earth awhile, and then no more.
Amid the throng, she passed along the meadow-floor :
Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile, and then no more.
But whence she came, which way she went, what garb she wore,
I noted not ; I gazed awhile, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more :
'Twas Paradise on earth awhile, and then no more :
Ah ! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore ?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on Beauty's shore ;
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more !

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more :
Earth looked like Heaven a little while, and then no more.
Her presence thrilled and lightened to its inner core,
My desert breast, a little while, and then no more.
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more.
The earth was Peri-land awhile, and then no more.
O might I see but once again, as once before,
Through chance or wile, that shape awhile, and then no more !
Death soon would heal my griefs : this heart, now sad and sore,
Would beat anew a little while, and then no more !

GOOD-NIGHT.

(WETZEL.)

Good-night, Good-night, my Lyre !
A long, a last Good-night !
In ashes lies the fire
That lent me Warmth and Light.

With Love, Life too is fled ;
My bosom's blood is cold ;
My mind is all but dead ;
My heart is growing old.

Soon will my sad eyes close,
O, Lyre, on Earth and Thee !
I go to woo Repose
In God's Eternity !

THE PAPYRUS

MICHAEL MONAHAN, Editor.

A POET'S PRAISE.

WESTERLEIGH, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.
DEC. 27, 1905.

DEAR MR. MONAHAN :

I can't refrain from telling you how happy I am to see your sturdy defence of Poe's good name. He has been yelped at by the whole pack of literary jackals nosing the ground for carrion. The man who carried the pure idealities of "Helen" and "The Raven" was not inherently immoral, whatever may be the shell-facts of his life.

I am also delighted by your talk on "Richard Wagner's Romance." You don't need to write anything else to repay us for our valuable dollar. Of course I don't claim that you have said all that is to be said in defence of the inconstant artist. It is all an anxious inexplicable problem, one whose roots go down to the center. Who will give its rationale ?

Faithfully yours,
EDWIN MARKHAM.

Subscription, One Dollar a Year.
THE PAPYRUS, Cranford, N. J.

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PHILADELPHIA.

EDITED BY HORACE TRAUBEL.

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The Bibelot

"HE *relished things; and expressed them with a relish. That is his 'note.'*"[1] *It would be difficult, perhaps, to give any reason other than this,—the essential determinable quality in Hazlitt's work,—for our choice of* On Going a Journey. *That fine gust of life discoverable here in full force is found as well elsewhere—as for example in* A Farewell to Essay-writing, On the Fear of Death, On Going to a Fight—*three titles chosen at random.*

One thinks of old-world and old-time journeys before the days of steam, or ever the pæan of speed was chanted in free verse by the late Mr. Henley, and, sans the personal discomfort inseparable from all such wayfaring, comes to feel how much of the poetry of travel, the romance of the road, has ceased to be. The glory of motion has indeed been more than quadrupled since

---

[1] The Collected Works of William Hazlitt, edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover, with an Introduction by W. E. Henley. *Octavo. 12 vols. London, J. M. Dent & Co., 1902-05. See vol. 1, pp. vii-xxv. Our text and notes are taken from this edition.*

De Quincey's English mail coach became one of the glories of English prose, but the sort of journey Hazlitt had in mind is gone; say, rather, for the majority of would-be travellers, has become a very negligible quantity. Considered in the light of common day this fine appreciation is at best but a subsiding echo from a world, a phase of thought, no longer in our grasp and keep. All the more may we turn to it as a piece of literature[2] *of abiding value even though as in the poignant line from Schiller which Coleridge translated and Hazlitt quotes —*

> *"The beautiful is vanished and returns not."*

---

[2] *"If there be any alive at this late hour who questions the genuineness of Hazlitt's high spirits, he may be referred to the essay* On Going a Journey, *with the pæan about 'the gentleman in the parlour' in the finest emulation of Cowley." See* A Little English Gallery. By Louise Imogen Guiney, *chapter v. (16mo, New York, 1894.)*

FOR OCTOBER:
GIORDANO BRUNO
BY WALTER PATER.

ON GOING A JOURNEY

By

WILLIAM HAZLITT

ON GOING A JOURNEY.

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

> "The fields his study, nature was his book."

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

> ———"a friend in my retreat,
> Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

> "May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
> That in the various bustle of resort
> Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,"

that I absent myself from the town for awhile, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner — and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff of the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said: but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomise them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a beanfield crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you — these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an understanding, but no tongue." My old friend C———, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing." If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had "that fine madness in them which our first poets had;" and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:

> —— "Here be woods as green
> As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
> As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
> Face of the curled stream, with flow'rs as many
> As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
> Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
> Arbours o'ergrown with woodbine, caves and dells;
> Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,
> Or gather rushes to make many a ring
> For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
> How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
> First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
> She took eternal fire that never dies;
> How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
> His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
> Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
> Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
> To kiss her sweetest." ——
>
> —FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot: — I must have time to collect myself.—

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. L——— is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted just at the approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!" These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop : they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

> "The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,"

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper — eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen — *Procul, O procul este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk ; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathise with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world: but your "unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine." The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges — "lord of one's-self, uncumber'd with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion — to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties — to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening — and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour!* One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretentions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear in the world: an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns — sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham-common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas — at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's, (I think it was) where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in the boat between me and the twilight — at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham ; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with " green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks " below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time " glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

> " The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly any thing that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight, also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast;—the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population, known by the name of China to us? An inch of paste-board on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten! — To return to the question I have quitted above.

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place;" nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *eclat* — shewed them that seat of the Muses at a distance, "With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd" — descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges — was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered Ciceroni that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to common-place beauties in matchless pictures. — As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen: there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support.—Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones: I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled: nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!—There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else: but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connexions. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and in one sense instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

> "Out of my country and myself I go."

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them: but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could any where borrow another life to spend afterwards at home! —

NOTES.

Published in *The New Monthly Magazine* (1822, vol. iv, p. 73) under the heading "Table Talk, No. 1." Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in his edition of *Table Talk* gives some variations between the printed text of this essay and the original MS.

285. "*The fields his study*," *etc.* Bloomfield, *The Farmer's Boy*, *Spring*, 31.

"*A friend in my retreat*," *etc.* Cowper, *Retirement*, 741–2.

286. "*May plume her feathers*," *etc.* *Comus*, 378–80.

"*Sunken wrack*," *etc.* "With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries." *Henry V.*, Act 1. Scene 2.

287. "*Leave, oh, leave me*," *etc.* See *ante*, note to p. 71.

"*The very stuff of conscience*." *Othello*, Act 1. Scene 2.

288. "*Out upon such half-faced fellowship*." *Henry IV.*, Part I. Act 1. Scene 3.

290. "*Give it an understanding*," *etc.* *Hamlet*, Act 1. Scene 2.

My old friend C——. Coleridge.

"*He talked far above singing.*" "I did hear you talk far above singing." Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, Act V. Scene 5.

291. "*That fine madness,*" *etc.*

> "For that fine madness still he did retain,
> Which rightly should possess a Poet's brain."
> Drayton, *Censure of Poets.*

"*Here be woods as green,*" *etc.* John Fletcher's *The Faithful Shepherdess*, Act I. Scene 3.

292. L——. Lamb.

"*Take one's ease at one's inn.*" "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" *Henry IV.*, Part I. Act. III. Scene 3.

293. "*The cups that cheer,*" *etc.* Cowper, *The Task*, IV. 39–40.

Procul, etc. *Aeneid*, VI. 258.

294. "*Unhoused free conditions,*" *etc.* *Othello*, Act I. Scene 2.

"*Lord of one's-self,*" *etc.* "Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife,' Dryden, *Epistle to John Driden*, 18.

296. *Gribelin's engravings, etc.* Simon Gribelin's (1661–1733) engravings of the cartoons were published in 1707.

Paul and Virginia. Bernardin de St. Pierre's famous romance (1788).

At Bridgewater. In the course of his visit to Coleridge who lived at Nether Stowey.

Madame D'Arblay's Camilla. Published in 1796.

The letter I chose, etc. La Nouvelle Héloïse, Part IV. Letter XVII.

297. "*Green upland swells,*" *etc.* Coleridge, *Ode on the Departing Year,* VII. 5–6.

"*Glittered green,*" *etc. Ib.* VII. 4.

299. "*Beyond Hyde Park,*" *etc.* In Sir George Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (Act V. Scene 2) Harriet says to Dorimant: "I know all beyond Hyde Park is a desert to you, and that no gallantry can draw you farther."

301. "*The mind in its own place.*" *Paradise Lost,* I. 254.

I once took a party, etc. Hazlitt went with Charles and Mary Lamb to Oxford in August, 1810.

302. "*With glistering spires,*" *etc. Paradise Lost,* III. 550.

At Blenheim. Lamb refers to this visit to Blenheim in a letter to Hazlitt, August 9, 1810. *Letters*, ed. Ainger, I. 251.

304. *Dr. Johnson remarked.* See Boswell's *Life*, ed. G. B. Hill, III. 352.

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E. F. EDGETT, in *Boston Transcript*.

The Bibelot

THOSE of us who prefer reading Pater as he saw fit to print his work during his lifetime will doubtless welcome an inedited essay on Giordano Bruno as originally published in the Fortnightly Review *for August, 1889. In a brief preface to* Gaston de Latour *which Mr. Charles L. Shadwell prepared for the press in 1896 we are told that this essay "was afterwards largely revised, and marked Chapter VII, as it is here printed."*[1] *Careful comparison on our part fails to establish this claim of material structural, or verbal change, even, although, as a matter of fact, seven pages are prefixed to the essay of 1889 in the hope of bringing the youthful Gaston into something like historic touch with Bruno. The entire chapter is thenceforth entitled "The Lower Pantheism," — why necessarily "lower?" — but with the negative result*

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[1] *See Preface to the separate edition of 1896. One could wish that two such errors as a wrong date for "Gaston's" appearance in* Macmillan's Magazine, *and a typographical blunder so obvious as "Rosemund" for "Rosenmold" had been corrected in the* edition de luxe. *See* The Works of Walter Pater, (*London, 1900,*) *vol. iv, p. 158.*

that absolutely nothing is effected either in our better understanding of the philosopher-martyr, or in the carrying onward in movement of the cancelled romance.

To all intent and purpose it is evident that Pater abandoned his earlier idea of completing Gaston de Latour *when he had written and published in* Macmillan's Magazine *during the months of May to October, 1888, the five chapters which as at first printed contain portions of his most finished prose.*

The actual life of Bruno is obviously beyond the province of The Bibelot.[1] *Of*

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[1] *We print Swinburne's "fiery invectives" as he wrote them, but the final sonnet should be read in the light of what Dr. Brinton points out as essential to any unbiassed conclusion: "You will readily understand that a man with these views in the sixteenth century, when the fires of theological controversy were at white heat, was no more welcome to one camp than to the other. He was burned at Rome; but do not imagine that we should pour forth all our reproaches on the Roman Church for that act. The Calvinists of Geneva would have burned Bruno just as cheerfully as they did Servetus only twenty-five years before Bruno visited their city; the bigots of England would have hanged him quite as readily as their descendants hanged the Quakers on Boston Common; and he himself believed that it was to save his life that he fled from the Lutherans of Marburg and Helmstedt. The instincts of Dogmatic belief are everywhere the*

late years he has received distinguished attention at the hands of specialists who have not failed to make good his position as one whose views still exercise abiding influence over succeeding generations of thinkers.[1] *If he gave up all for the beauty of an idea,—was in his day an impossible seeker after Pagan perfection,—he at least left on record a defiance of Tyranny whether ecclesiastical or political which even Tsars and all the myriad oppressors of humankind ought never to forget: "You who sentence me are in greater fear than I who am condemned."*

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same, and logically force men to the same extremes, in all times and in all climes." Giordano Bruno: An Address by Daniel G. Brinton, *(Philadelphia, 1890.) Pp. 36, 37.*

[1] "*A movement of popular enthusiasm, begun in 1876, resulted, on 9th June 1889, in the unveiling of a statue [by Ettare Ferrari] in Rome in the Campo dei Fiori, the place on which Bruno was burned, [February 17, 1600.]*" *See* Giordano Bruno. By J. Lewis McIntyre, *(London, 1903.) P.* vii. *The frontispiece to this latest authoritative work in English reproduces Ferrari's masterly design. See also* Symonds' Renaissance in Italy: The Catholic Reaction, *Part II ch. ix (London, 1886;) Owen's* The Sceptics of the Italian Renaissance. *(London, 1893.) pp. 244-342. Curiously neither Owen nor McIntyre make any mention of Pater's essay.*

FOR NOVEMBER:
THE LAST DAYS OF
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

GIORDANO BRUNO

By

WALTER PATER.

FOUR SONNETS ON BRUNO

By

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

> "*I will return to God, from whom I came.*"
>
> PAOLO SARPI.

"This sonnet . . . . . is generally attributed to Giordano Bruno, in whose Dialogue on the *Eroici Furori* it occurs. There seems, however, good reason to suppose that it was really written by Tansillo, who recites it in that Dialogue. Whoever may have been its author, it expresses in noble and impassioned verse the sense of danger, the audacity, and the exultation of those pioneers of modern thought, for whom philosophy was a voyage of discovery into untravelled regions."

THE PHILOSOPHIC FLIGHT.

Poi che spiegate.

Now that these wings to speed my wish ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more toward boundless air on pinions fleet,
Spurning the earth, soaring to heaven, I tend:
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Dædal's son; but upward still they beat: —
What life the while with my life can compete,
Though dead to earth at last I shall descend?
My own heart's voice in the void air I hear:
Where wilt thou bear me, O rash man? Recall
Thy daring will! This boldness waits on fear!
Dread not, I answer, that tremendous fall:
Strike through the clouds, and smile when death is near,
If death so glorious be our doom at all!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

PARIS: 1586.

"Jetzo, da ich ausgewachsen,
Viel gelesen, viel gereist,
Schwillt mein Herz, und ganz von Herzen,
Glaub' ich an den Heilgen Geist."
— HEINE.

IT was on the afternoon of the Feast of Pentecost that news of the death of Charles the Ninth went abroad promptly. To his successor the day became a sweet one, to be noted unmistakably by various pious and other observances; and it was on a Whit-Sunday afternoon that curious Parisians had the opportunity of listening to one who, as if with some intentional new version of the sacred event then commemorated, had a great deal to say concerning the Spirit; above all, of the freedom, the independence of its operation. The speaker, though understood to be a brother of the Order of St. Dominic, had not been present at the mass — the usual university mass, *De Spiritu Sancto*, said to-day according to the natural course of the season in the chapel of the Sorbonne, by the Italian Bishop of Paris. It was the reign of the Italians just then, a doubly refined, somewhat morbid, somewhat ash-coloured, Italy in France, more Italian still. Men of Italian birth, "to the great suspicion of simple people," swarmed in Paris, already "flightier, less constant, than the girouettes on its steeples," and it was love for Italian fashions that had brought king and courtiers here to-day, with great *éclat*, as they said, frizzed and starched, in the beautiful, minutely considered dress of the moment, pressing the university into a perhaps not unmerited background; for the promised speaker, about whom tongues had been busy, not only in the Latin quarter, had come from Italy. In an age in which all things about which Parisians much cared must be Italian there might be a hearing for Italian philosophy. Courtiers at least would understand Italian, and this speaker was rumoured to possess in perfection all the curious arts of his native language. And of all the kingly qualities of Henry's youth, the single one that had held by him was that gift of eloquence, which he was able also to value in others — inherited perhaps; for in all the contemporary and subsequent historic gossip about his mother, the two things certain are, that the hands credited with so much mysterious ill-doing were fine ones, and that she was an admirable speaker.

Bruno himself tells us, long after he had withdrawn himself from it, that the monastic life promotes the freedom of the intellect by its silence and self-concentration. The prospect of such freedom sufficiently explains why a young man who, however well found in worldly and personal advantages, was conscious above all of great intellectual possessions, and of fastidious spirit also, with a remarkable distaste for the vulgar, should have espoused poverty, chastity, obedience, in a Dominican cloister. What liberty of mind may really come to in such places, what daring new departures it may suggest to the strictly monastic temper, is exemplified by the dubious and dangerous mysticism of men like John of Parma and Joachim of Flora, reputed author of the new "Everlasting Gospel," strange dreamers, in a world of sanctified rhetoric, of that later dispensation of the spirit, in which all law must have passed away; or again by a recognised tendency in the great rival Order of St. Francis, in the so-called "spiritual" Franciscans, to understand the dogmatic words of faith *with a difference.*

The three convents in which Bruno lived successively, at Naples, at Citta di Campagna, and finally the *Minerva* at Rome, developed freely, we may suppose, all the mystic qualities of a genius in which, from the first, a heady southern imagination took the lead. But it was from beyond conventional bounds he would look for the sustenance, the fuel, of an ardour born or bred within them. Amid such artificial religious stillness the air itself becomes generous in undertones. The vain young monk (vain of course!) would feed his vanity by puzzling the good, sleepy heads of the average sons of Dominic with his neology, putting new wine into old bottles, teaching them their own business—the new, higher, truer sense of the most familiar terms, the chapters they read, the hymns they sang, above all, as it happened, every word that referred to the Spirit, the reign of the Spirit, its excellent freedom. He would soon pass beyond the utmost limits of his brethren's sympathy, beyond the largest and freest interpretation those words would bear, to thoughts and words on an altogether different plane, of which the full scope was only to be felt in certain old pagan writers, though approached, perhaps, at first, as having a kind of natural, preparatory kinship with Scripture itself. The Dominicans would seem to have had well-stocked, liberally-selected, libraries; and this curious youth, in that age of restored letters, read eagerly, easily, and very soon came to the kernel of a difficult old author — Plotinus or Plato; to the purpose of thinkers older still, surviving by glimpses only in the books of others — Empedocles, Pythagoras, who had enjoyed the original divine sense of things, above all, Parmenides, that most ancient assertor of God's identity with the world. The affinities, the unity, of the visible and the invisible, of earth and heaven, of all things whatever, with each other, through the consciousness, the person, of God the Spirit, who was at every moment of infinite time, in every atom of matter, at every point of infinite space, ay! *was* everything in turn: that doctrine — *l'antica filosofia Italiana* — was in all its vigour there, a hardy growth out of the very heart of nature, interpreting itself to congenial minds with all the fulness of primitive utterance. A big thought! yet suggesting, perhaps, from the first, in still, small, immediately practical, voice, some possible modification of, a freer way of taking, certain moral precepts: say! a primitive morality, congruous with those larger primitive ideas, the larger survey, the earlier, more liberal air.

Returning to this ancient "pantheism," after so long a reign of a seemingly opposite faith, Bruno unfalteringly asserts "the vision of all things in God" to be the aim of all metaphysical speculation, as of all inquiry into nature: the Spirit of God, in countless variety of forms, neither above, nor, in any way, without, but intimately within, all things — really present, with equal integrity, in the sunbeam ninety millions of miles long, and the wandering drop of water as it evaporates therein. The divine consciousness would have the same relation to the production of things, as the human intelligence to the production of true thoughts concerning them. Nay! those thoughts are themselves God in man: a loan, there, too, of his assisting Spirit, who, in truth, creates all things in and by his own contemplation of them. For Him, as for man in proportion as man thinks truly, thought and being are identical, and things existent only in so far as they are known. Delighting in itself, in the sense of its own energy, this sleepless, capacious, fiery intelligence, evokes all the orders of nature, all the revolutions of history, cycle upon cycle, in ever new types. And God the Spirit, the soul of the world, being really identical with his own soul, Bruno, as the universe shapes itself to his reason, his imagination, ever more and more articulately, shares also the divine joy in that process of the formation of true ideas, which is really parallel to the process of creation, to the evolution of things. In a certain mystic sense, which some in every age of the world have understood, he, too, is creator, himself actually a participator in the creative function. And by such a philosophy, he assures us, it was his experience that the soul is greatly expanded: *con questa filosofia l'anima, mi s'aggrandisce: mi se magnifica l'intelletto!*

For, with characteristic largeness of

mind, Bruno accepted this theory in the whole range of its consequences. Its more immediate corollary was the famous axiom of "indifference," of "the coincidence of contraries." To the eye of God, to the philosophic vision through which God sees in man, nothing is really alien from Him. The differences of things, and above all, those distinctions which schoolmen and priests, old or new, Roman or Reformed, had invented for themselves, would be lost in the length and breadth of the philosophic survey; nothing, in itself, either great or small; and matter, certainly, in all its various forms, not evil but divine. Could one choose or reject this or that? If God the Spirit had made, nay! was, all things indifferently, then, matter and spirit, the spirit and the flesh, heaven and earth, freedom and necessity, the first and the last, good and evil, would be superficial rather than substantial differences. Only, were joy and sorrow also to be added to the list of phenomena really coincident or indifferent, as some intellectual kinsmen of Bruno have claimed they should?

The Dominican brother was at no distant

day to break far enough away from the election, the seeming "vocation" of his youth, yet would remain always, and under all circumstances, unmistakably a monk in some predominant qualities of temper. At first it was only by way of thought that he asserted his liberty — delightful, late-found privilege! — traversing, in mental journeys, that spacious circuit, as it broke away before him at every moment into ever new horizons. Kindling thought and imagination at once, the prospect draws from him cries of joy, a kind of religious joy, as in some new "canticle of the creatures," a new monkish hymnal or antiphonary. "Nature" becomes for him a sacred term. "Conform thyself to Nature" — with what sincerity, what enthusiasm, what religious fervour, he enounces the precept to others, to himself! Recovering, as he fancies, a certain primeval sense of Deity broadcast on things, in which Pythagoras and other inspired theorists of early Greece had abounded, in his hands philosophy becomes a poem, a sacred poem, as it had been with them. That Bruno himself, in "the enthusiasm of the idea," drew from his axiom of the "indifference of contraries" the practical consequence which is in very deed latent there, that he was ready to sacrifice to the antinomianism, which is certainly a part of its rigid logic, the purities of his youth for instance, there is no proof. The service, the sacrifice, he is ready to bring to the great light that has dawned for him, which occupies his entire conscience with the sense of his responsibilities to it, is that of days and nights spent in eager study, of a plenary, disinterested utterance of the thoughts that arise in him, at any hazard, at the price, say! of martyrdom. The work of the divine Spirit, as he conceives it, exalts, inebriates him, till the scientific apprehension seems to take the place of prayer, sacrifice, communion. It would be a mistake, he holds, to attribute to the human soul capacities merely passive or receptive. She, too, possesses, not less than the soul of the world, initiatory power, responding with the free gift of a light and heat that seem her own.

Yet a nature so opulently endowed can hardly have been lacking in purely physical ardours. His pantheistic belief that the Spirit of God was in all things, was not inconsistent with, might encourage, a keen and restless eye for the dramatic details of life and character for humanity in all its visible attractiveness, since there, too, in truth, divinity lurks. From those first fair days of early Greek speculation, love had occupied a large place in the conception of philosophy; and in after days Bruno was fond of developing, like Plato, like the Christian platonist, combining something of the peculiar temper of each, the analogy between intellectual enthusiasm and the flights of physical love, with an animation which shows clearly enough the reality of his experience in the latter. The *Eroici Furori*, his book of books, dedicated to Philip Sidney, who would be no stranger to such thoughts, presents a singular blending of verse and prose, after the manner of Dante's *Vita Nuova*. The supervening philosophic comment re-considers those earlier physical impulses which had prompted the sonnet in voluble Italian, entirely to the advantage of their abstract, incorporeal equivalents. Yet if it is after all but a prose comment, it betrays no lack of the natural stuff out of which such mystic transferences must be made. That there is no single name of preference, no Beatrice or Laura, by no means proves the young man's earlier desires merely "Platonic;" and if the colours of love inevitably lose a little of their force and propriety by such deflection, the intellectual purpose as certainly finds its opportunity thereby, in the matter of borrowed fire and wings. A kind of old, scholastic pedantry creeping back over the ardent youth who had thrown it off so defiantly (as if Love himself went in for a degree at the University) Bruno developes, under the mask of amorous verse, all the various stages of abstraction, by which, as the last step of a long ladder, the mind attains actual "union." For, as with the purely religious mystics, union, the mystic union of souls with each other and their Lord, nothing less than union between the contemplator and the contemplated — the reality, or the sense, or at least the name of it — was always at hand. Whence that instinctive tendency, if not from the Creator of things himself, who has doubtless prompted it in the physical universe, as in man? How familiar the thought that the whole creation longs for God, the soul as the hart for the water-brooks! To unite oneself to the infinite by breadth and lucidity of intellect, to enter, by that admirable faculty, into eternal life — this was the true vocation of the spouse, of the rightly amorous soul — "à filosofia è necessario amore." There would be degrees of progress therein, as of course also of relapse: joys and sorrows, therefore. And, in interpreting these, the philosopher, whose intellectual ardours have superseded religion and love, is still a lover and a monk. All the influences of the convent, the heady, sweet incense, the pleading sounds, the sophisticated light and air, the exaggerated humour of gothic carvers, the thick stratum of pagan sentiment beneath ("Santa Maria sopra Minerva!") are indelible in him. Tears, sympathies, tender inspirations, attraction, repulsion, dryness, zeal, desire, recollection: he finds a place for them all: knows them all well in their unaffected simplicity, while he seeks the secret and secondary, or, as he fancies, the primary, form and purport of each.

A light on actual life, or mere barren scholastic subtlety, never before had the pantheistic doctrine been developed with such completeness, never before connected with so large a sense of nature, so large a promise of the knowledge of it as it really is. The eyes that had not been wanting to visible humanity turned with equal liveliness on the natural world in that region of his birth, where all its force and colour is twofold. Nature is not only a thought in the divine mind; it is also the perpetual energy of that mind, which, ever identical with itself, puts forth and absorbs in turn all the successive forms of life, of thought, of language even. But what seemed like striking transformations of matter were in truth only a chapter, a clause, in the great volume of the transformations of the Spirit. To that mystic recognition that all is divine had succeeded a realisation of the largeness of the field of concrete knowledge, the infinite extent of all there was actually to know. Winged, fortified, by this central philosophic faith, the student proceeds to the reading of nature, led on from point to point by manifold lights, which will surely strike on him, by the way, from the intelligence in it, speaking directly, sympathetically, to the intelligence in him. The earth's wonderful animation, as divined by one who anticipates by a whole generation the "philosophy of experience:" in that, the bold, flighty, pantheistic speculation became tangible matter of fact. Here was the needful book for man to read, the full revelation, the detailed story of that one universal mind, struggling, emerging, through shadow, substance, manifest spirit, in various orders of being — the veritable history of God. And nature, together with the true pedigree and evolution of man also, his gradual issue from it, was still all to learn. The delightful tangle of things! it would be the delightful task of man's thoughts to disentangle that. Already Bruno had measured the space which Bacon would fill, with room perhaps for Darwin also. That Deity is everywhere, like all such abstract propositions, is a two-edged force, depending for its practical effect on the mind which admits it, on the peculiar perspective of that mind. To Dutch Spinosa, in the next century, faint, consumptive, with a hold on external things naturally faint, the theorem that God was in all things whatever, annihilating, their differences suggested a somewhat chilly withdrawal from the contact of all alike. In Bruno, eager and impassioned, an Italian of the Italians, it awoke a constant, inextinguishable appetite for every form of experience — a fear, as of the one sin possible, of limiting, for oneself or another, that great stream flowing for thirsty souls, that wide pasture set ready for the hungry heart.

Considered from the point of view of a minute observation of nature, the Infinite might figure as "the infinitely little;" no blade of grass being like another, as there was no limit to the complexities of an atom of earth, cell, sphere, within sphere. But the earth itself, hitherto seemingly the privileged centre of a very limited universe, was, after all, itself but an atom in an infinite world of starry space, then lately displayed to the ingenuous intelligence, which the telescope was one day to verify to bodily eyes. For if Bruno must needs look forward to the future, to Bacon, for adequate knowledge of the earth — the infinitely little; he looked back, gratefully, to another daring mind, which had already put the earth into its modest place, and opened the full view of the heavens. If God is eternal, then, the universe is infinite and worlds innumerable. Yes! one might well have supposed what reason now demonstrated, indicating those endless spaces which sidereal science would gradually occupy, an echo of the creative word of God himself,

"Qui innumero numero innumerorum nomina dicit."

That the stars are suns: that the earth is in motion: that the earth is of like stuff with the stars: now the familiar knowledge of children, dawning on Bruno as calm assurance of reason on appeal from the prejudice of the eye, brought to him an inexpressibly exhilarating sense of enlargement of the intellectual, nay! the physical atmosphere. And his consciousness of unfailing unity and order did not desert him in that larger survey, making the utmost one could ever know of the earth seem but a very little chapter in that endless history of God the Spirit, rejoicing so greatly in the admirable spectacle that it never ceases to evolve from matter new conditions. The immovable earth beneath one's feet! one almost felt the movement, the respiration of God in it. And yet how greatly even the physical eye, the *sensible* imagination (so to term it) was flattered by the theorem. What joy in that motion, the prospect, the music, the music of the spheres!—he could listen to it in a perfection such as had never been conceded to Plato, to Pythagoras even.

"Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quæ tu creasti pectora!"

Yes! the grand old Christian hymns, perhaps the grandest of them, seemed to blend themselves in the chorus, to deepen immeasurably under this new intention. It is not always, or often, that men's abstract ideas penetrate the temperament, touch the animal spirits, affect conduct. It was what they did with Bruno. The ghastly spectacle of the endless material universe, infinite dust, in truth, starry as it may look to our terrestrial eyes—that prospect from which Pascal's faithful soul recoiled so painfully—induced in Bruno only the delightful consciousness of an ever-widening kinship and sympathy, since every one of those infinite worlds must have its sympathetic inhabitants. Scruples of conscience, if he felt such, might well be pushed aside for the "excellency" of such knowledge as this. To shut the eyes, whether of the body or the mind, would be a kind of dark ingratitude; the one sin, to believe directly or indirectly in any absolutely dead matter anywhere, because involving denial of the indwelling spirit. A free spirit, certainly, as of old! Through all his pantheistic flights, from horizon to horizon, it was still the thought of liberty that presented itself to the infinite relish of this "prodigal son" of Dominic. God the Spirit had made all things indifferently, with a largeness, a beneficence, impiously belied by any theory of restrictions, distinctions, absolute limitations. Touch, see, listen, eat freely of all the trees of the garden of Paradise with the voice of the Lord God literally everywhere: here was the final counsel of perfection. The world was even larger than youthful appetite, youthful capacity. Let theologian and every other theorist beware how he narrowed either. The plurality of worlds! how petty in comparison seemed the sins, to purge which was the chief motive for coming to places like this convent, whence Bruno, with vows broken, or obsolete for him, presently departed. A sonnet, expressive of the joy with which he returned to so much more than the liberty of ordinary men, does not suggest that he was driven from it. Though he must have seemed to those who surely had loved so lovable a creature there to be departing, like the prodigal of the Gospel, into the furthest of possible far countries, there is no proof of harsh treatment, or even of an effort to detain him.

It happens, of course most naturally, that those who undergo the shock of spiritual or intellectual change sometimes fail to recognise their debt to the deserted cause: how much of the heroism, or other high quality, of their rejection has really been the growth of what they reject? Bruno, the escaped monk, is still a monk: his philosophy, impious as it might seem to some, a new religion. He came forth well fitted by conventual influences to play upon men as he was played upon. A challenge, a war-cry, an alarum ; everywhere he seemed to be the creature of some subtly materialised spiritual force, like that of the old Greek prophets, like the primitive "enthusiasm" he was inclined to set so high, or impulsive Pentecostal fire. His hunger to know, fed at first dreamily enough within the convent walls as he wandered over space and time an indefatigable reader of books, would be fed physically now by ear and eye, by large matter-of-fact experience, as he journeys from university to university ; yet still, less as a teacher than a courtier, a citizen of the world, a knight-errant of intellectual light. The philosophic need to try all things had given reasonable justification to the stirring desire for travel common to youth, in which, if in nothing else, that whole age of the later Renaissance was invincibly young. The theoretic recognition of that mobile spirit of the world, ever renewing its youth, became, sympathetically, the motive of a life as mobile, as ardent, as itself ; of a continual journey, the venture and stimulus of which would be the occasion of ever new discoveries, of renewed conviction.

The unity, the spiritual unity, of the world: — that must involve the alliance, the congruity, of all things with each other, great reinforcements of sympathy, of the teacher's personality with the doctrine he had to deliver, the spirit of that doctrine with the fashion of his utterance. In his own case, certainly, as Bruno confronted his audience at Paris, himself, his theme, his language, were the fuel of one clear spiritual flame, which soon had hold of his audience also; alien, strangely alien, as it might seem from the speaker. It was *intimate* discourse, in magnetic touch with every one present, with his special point of impressibility; the sort of speech which, consolidated into literary form as a book, would be a dialogue according to the true Attic genius, full of those diversions, passing irritations, unlooked-for appeals, in which a solicitous missionary finds his largest range of opportunity, and takes even dull wits unaware. In Bruno, that abstract theory of the perpetual motion of the world was a visible person talking with you.

And as the runaway Dominican was still in temper a monk, so he presented himself in the comely Dominican habit. The eyes which in their last sad protest against stupidity would mistake, or miss altogether, the image of the Crucified, were to-day, for the most part, kindly observant eyes, registering every detail of that singular company, all the physiognomic lights which come by the way on people, and, through them, on things, the "shadows of ideas" in men's faces (*De Umbris Idearum* was the title of his discourse), himself pleasantly animated by them, in turn. There was "heroic gaiety" there; only, as usual with gaiety, the passage of a peevish cloud seemed all the chillier. Lit up, in the agitation of speaking, by many a harsh or scornful beam, yet always sinking, in moments of repose, to an expression of high-bred melancholy, it was a face that looked, after all, made for suffering — already half pleading, half defiant — as of a creature you could hurt, but to the last never shake a hair's breadth from its estimate of yourself.

Like nature, like nature in that country of his birth, the Nolan, as he delighted to proclaim himself, loved so well that, born wanderer as he was, he must perforce return thither sooner or later, at the risk of life, he gave *plenis manibus*, but without selection, and, with all his contempt for the "asinine" vulgar, was not fastidious. His rank, unweeded eloquence, abounding in a play of words, rabbinic allegories, verses defiant of prosody, in the kind of erudition he professed to despise, with a shameless image here or there, product not of formal method, but of Neapolitan improvisation, was akin to the heady wine, the sweet, coarse odours, of that fiery, volcanic soil, fertile in the irregularities which manifest power. Helping himself indifferently to all religions for rhetoric illustration, his preference was still for that of the soil, the old pagan one, the primitive Italian gods, whose names and legends haunt his speech, as they do the carved and pictorial work of the age, according to the fashion of that ornamental paganism which the Renaissance indulged. To excite, to surprise, to move men's minds, as the volcanic earth is moved, as if in travail, and, according to the Socratic fancy, bring them to the birth, was the true function of the teacher, however unusual it might seem in an ancient university. *Fantastic*, from first to last that was the descriptive epithet; and the very word, carrying us to Shakespeare, reminds one how characteristic of the age such habit was, and that it was pre-eminently due to Italy. A bookman, yet with so vivid a hold on people and things, the traits and tricks of the audience seemed to revive in him, to strike from his memory all the graphic resources of his old readings. He seemed to promise some greater matter than was then actually exposed; himself to enjoy the fulness of a great outlook, the vague suggestion of which did but sustain the curiosity of the listeners. And still, in hearing him speak you seemed to see that subtle spiritual fire to which he testified kindling from word to word. What Parisians then heard was, in truth, the first fervid expression of all those contending apprehensions, out of which his written works would afterwards be compacted, with much loss of heat in the process. Satiric or hybrid growths, things due to *ὕβρις*, insolence, insult, all that those fabled satyrs embodied — the volcanic South is kindly prolific of this, and Bruno abounded in mockeries: it was by way of protest. So much of a Platonist, for Plato's genial humour he had nevertheless substituted the harsh laughter of Aristophanes. Paris, teeming, beneath a very courtly exterior, with mordent words, in unabashed criticism of all real or suspected evil, provoked his utmost powers of scorn for the "triumphant beast," the "constellation of the Ass," shining even there, amid the university folk, those intellectual bankrupts of the Latin quarter, who had so long passed between them gravely a worthless "parchment and paper" currency. In truth, Aristotle, as the supplanter of Plato, was still in possession, pretending to determine heaven and earth by precedent, hiding the proper nature of things from the eyes of men. Habit — the last word of his practical philosophy — indolent habit! what would this mean in the intellectual life, but just that sort of dead judgments which are most opposed to the essential freedom and quickness of the Spirit, because the mind, the eye, were no longer really at work in them?

To Bruno, a true son of the Renaissance, in the light of those large, antique, pagan ideas, the difference between Rome and the Reform would figure, of course, as but an insignificant variation upon some deeper, more radical antagonism between two tendencies of men's minds. But what about an antagonism deeper still? between Christ and the world, say! Christ and the flesh? — that so very ancient antagonism between good and evil? Was there any place for imperfection in a world wherein the minutest atom, the lightest thought, could not escape from God's presence? Who should note the crime, the sin, the mistake, in the operation of that eternal spirit, which could have made no misshapen births? In proportion as man raised himself to the ampler survey of the divine work around him, just in that proportion did the very notion of evil disappear. There were no weeds, no "tares," in the endless field. The truly illuminated mind, discerning spiritually, might do what it would. Even under the shadow of monastic walls, that had ever been the precept, which the larger theory of "inspiration" had bequeathed to practice. "Of all the trees of the garden thou mayst freely eat! If you take up any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you! And I think that I, too, have the spirit of God."

Bruno, the citizen of the world, Bruno at Paris, was careful to warn off the vulgar from applying the decisions of philosophy beyond its proper speculative limits. But a kind of secresy, an ambiguous atmosphere, encompassed, from the first, alike the speaker and the doctrine; and in that world of fluctuating and ambiguous characters, the alerter mind certainly, pondering on this novel reign of the spirit — what it might actually be — would hardly fail to find in Bruno's theories a method of turning poison into food, to live and thrive thereon; an art, surely, no less opportune in the Paris of that hour, intellectually or morally, than had it related to physical poisons. If Bruno himself was cautious not to suggest the ethic or practical equivalent to his theoretic positions, there was that in his very manner of speech, in his rank, unweeded eloquence, which seemed naturally to discourage any effort at selection, any sense of fine difference, of *nuances* or proportion, in things. The loose sympathies of his genius were allied to nature, nursing, with equable maternity of soul, good, bad, and indifferent, rather than to art, distinguishing, rejecting, refining. Commission and omission; sins of the former surely had the preference. And how would Paolo and Francesca have read the lesson? How would this Henry the Third, and Margaret of the "Memoirs," and other susceptible persons then present, read it, especially if the opposition between practical good and evil traversed another distinction, to the "opposed points," the "fenced opposites" of which many, certainly, then present, in that Paris of the last of the Valois, could never by any possibility become "indifferent," between the precious and the base, æsthetically—between what was right and wrong, as matter of art?

FOUR SONNETS ON BRUNO.

I.

FOR THE FEAST OF GIORDANO BRUNO,

PHILOSOPHER AND MARTYR.

I.

SON of the lightning and the light that glows
Beyond the lightning's or the morning's light,
Soul splendid with all-righteous love of right,
In whose keen fire all hopes and fears and woes
Were clean consumed, and from their ashes rose
Transfigured, and intolerable to sight
Save of purged eyes whose lids had cast off night,
In love's and wisdom's likeness when they close,
Embracing, and between them truth stands fast,
Embraced of either; thou whose feet were set
On English earth while this was England yet,
Our friend that art, our Sidney's friend that wast,
Heart hardier found and higher than all men's past,
Shall we not praise thee though thine own forget?

II.

Lift up thy light on us and on thine own,
    O soul whose spirit on earth was as a rod
    To scourge off priests, a sword to pierce their God,
A staff for man's free thought to walk alone,
A lamp to lead him far from shrine and throne
    On ways untrodden where his fathers trod
    Ere earth's heart withered at a high priest's nod
And all men's mouths that made not prayer made moan.
From bonds and torments and the ravening flame
    Surely thy spirit of sense rose up to greet
    Lucretius, where such only spirits meet,
And walk with him apart till Shelley came
    To make the heaven of heavens more heavenly sweet
And mix with yours a third incorporate name.

1878.

II.

THE MONUMENT OF GIORDANO BRUNO.

I.

NOT from without us, only from within,
Comes or can ever come upon us light
Whereby the soul keeps ever truth in sight.
No truth, no strength, no comfort man may win,
No grace for guidance, no release from sin,
Save of his own soul's giving. Deep and bright
As fire enkindled in the core of night
Burns in the soul where once its fire has been
The light that leads and quickens thought, inspired
To doubt and trust and conquer. So he said
Whom Sidney, flower of England, lordliest head
Of all we love, loved: but the fates required
A sacrifice to hate and hell, ere fame
Should set with his in heaven Giordano's name.

II.

Cover thine eyes and weep, O child of hell,
Grey spouse of Satan, Church of name abhorred.
Weep, withered harlot, with thy weeping lord,
Now none will buy the heaven thou hast to sell
At price of prostituted souls, and swell
Thy loveless list of lovers. Fire and sword
No more are thine: the steel, the wheel, the cord,
The flames that rose round living limbs, and fell
In lifeless ash and ember, now no more
Approve thee godlike. Rome, redeemed at last
From all the red pollution of thy past,
Acclaims the grave bright face that smiled of yore
Even on the fire that caught it round and clomb
To cast its ashes on the face of Rome.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

June 9, 1889.

XII

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XXXIX

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BY OSCAR WILDE

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XL

A SHROPSHIRE LAD

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

FIRST published in 1896, (London: Kegan, Paul & Co.) *A Shropshire Lad* has gone into several editions, the latest of which is decidedly unsatisfying to the book-lover. To remedy this defect a re-issue of the text in the *Old World Series* is now offered Mr. Mosher's *clientele* in the belief that such choice lyrical work will find an appreciative audience oversea. As set forth by one of its earliest critics, Mr. Norman Gale: "In these poems there is a voice with a beautiful sound. It calls, and we are obliged to listen."

XLI

ARIADNE IN MANTUA: A ROMANCE IN FIVE ACTS

BY VERNON LEE

ORIGINALLY issued in a very limited edition (Oxford, 1903,) *Ariadne in Mantua* speedily became unprocurable abroad, and remained wholly unknown in America until brought out in *The Bibelot* for January and February, 1906. It is now offered to a still wider circle of readers including Vernon Lee's essay on *The Lakes of Mantua*, taken from her earlier volume entitled *Genius Loci*, to which she makes reference in her Preface.

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BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

OF printing poetical pamphlets there is no end —they are the ever recurrent preludings of the lesser gods of Song. And in most instances they are such pathetic little failures! A child's toy overtaken by the tide! A voice whereof the rest is silence! Only at rare intervals a seed of true poetic life is sown in Time's dark furrow; a tiny seed lying dormant till at a touch of belated Spring,—a wandering breath of Summer,—and lo! the estray has taken root—at last yields up its exquisite, unique flower.

X

MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND OTHER LYRICS OF THE WAR

BY WALT WHITMAN

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XI

A LITTLE BOOK OF NATURE THOUGHTS FROM WALT WHITMAN

EDITED BY ANNE MONTGOMERIE TRAUBEL

"ITS purpose is to emphasize that one of Whitman's messages by which the public was invited to revel in the open air. The selections are made with rare judgment and wise discrimination, and it is to be hoped that they will open the door to many who have not understood or have passed by Whitman's persistent tribute to the spiritual side of man."

E. F. EDGETT, in *Boston Transcript.*

"A RUGGED, *storm beaten face, seamed and scarred by mental toil and physical pain; illuminated by a kind and gentle heart, broad in its sympathies as humanity,—this sunshine after the storm is what an unpretending student of Nature has seen written upon the features of his friend." Such is the description given by an American artist Samuel Richards, who was shortly to follow the man he loved, of his portrait of John Addington Symonds—a marvellous thing in the original etching which we wish it was possible to reproduce.*[1]

Between the date of the first printed poem, The Escorial, *in 1860, and* The Life of Michelangelo, *in 1893, we may well marvel at the extent and quality of work voluntarily undertaken by one who was literally a sick man all his life. That he thought he had "not the inevitable touch of the true poet" may pass for valid self-criticism and yet we need not say as*

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[1] *See* The Reader Magazine *for June, 1903, where both portrait and an article on Symonds in Davos by Mrs. Richards will amply reward the search.*

some have taken upon themselves to say that he was a failure. He was not and never could be considered a failure, "inevitable touch" or lacking it, even.

As a matter of fact John Addington Symonds possessed "that something other" which may well take the place of poetical eminence. And if students of to-day turn with renewed interest toward these books of his it is just because of this pervasive power of riveting their attention which he alone seemed to possess, unperturbed by sickness, undismayed by the inadequate pecuniary rewards attending his labours. The personal, human touch remains in all he wrote: through it we come to see the man behind the book—the man that is *the book. In the deepest sense, as he is careful to remind us, "art and literature are and never can be more than functions of human life.* Life therefore first."

If, therefore, with no other reason than to accentuate our regard and direct attention anew to the life and works of Symonds we reprint this record by the beloved daughter who was beside him at the close, and who saw the frail body of her father placed "close to Trelawny and within touch of Shelley's Cor Cordium."

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

By

MARGARET SYMONDS.

O mother mine, O cool, sweet mother Earth,
Take thou thy son.
Lo! he returns with passion of his birth,
His race is run.

Yea, let his head be laid yet once again
Upon thy breast;
Spread soothing hands upon his brows of pain,
And give him rest.

Great mother, gracious mother of us all,
Bow thou thy head.
Lean closer, clasp him, cover with a pall
Thy dear son dead.

HORATIO F. BROWN.

"IT is a painful, a tragic book, this record of what Symonds calls 'my chequered, confused, and morally perturbed existence,' and yet at the same time an inspiring, an exhilarating book, which quickens one with a sense of the possibilities of life by its revelation of the charm, the courage, the nobility, the fixed aim, the endlessly thwarted and undaunted endeavour of a human spirit 'to live resolvedly in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful.' To those who knew and loved the man, it calls up, not merely the blithe companion of any hour's adventure, but the real, suffering and sympathetic individuality that lay deeper; and it recalls that memory with almost intolerable vividness."

ARTHUR SYMONS.
(*Studies in Two Literatures*, 1897.)

THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE spring of 1893 was cold and wet. We left Davos earlier than usual, and plunged straight down into the extreme south of Italy. Instead of finding the climate milder there, it was, as is often the case, even chillier than the frozen snowfields of the Alps. The country which we visited was all unknown to my father, and with his usual indomitable energy he explored it thoroughly. He was interested in the strange architecture of the churches; he went into their crypts and round their choirs, regardless of the icy and almost deathly chill which lingered there. At night he walked through the streets of Taranto, Bari, and of Naples, when it would have been well to linger by the side of a hot pine fire. He always said that new places were best seen and understood at night — that the truest impression of a city could be gained by the light of its gaslights, or under the moon. He was always a delicate, almost a fragile, human being, but he drew upon his scanty store of physical strength in a way which the most robust would shrink from; and during that last journey, although conscious himself of a certain increasing weakness, he ran risks which were often excessive, and used his time and eyes to see the very utmost of the new sights round about him.

Indeed, I had the sort of impression that we were running a race. It was a splendid race — there were beautiful things by the way. Leaving Venice on March 21, we went straight down the whole length of Italy by the express train to Bari, and thence the next day to Sir James Lacaita's place outside Taranto. Of this journey my father wrote an account, which was published in the "Fortnightly" for October 1893. Spring was scarcely awakened in the land, but there was a strange shimmer of buds and blossoms in all the country round the barren, Eastern-looking towns. The asphodels were out in millions. There were fields quite filled with these flowers amidst the olive yards of Leucaspide. My father delighted in them. He would select the tallest spike which he could see, pick it, and carry it with him on his walk. He was always interested in every sort of thing which grew.

He procured a big pickaxe (for spades did not exist at Leucaspide), and went into the fields with Angelo to hoe up the bulbs of huge white squills, anemones, and irises, which he packed and sent to a friend in the North of Italy. At night he joined the pizzica dance, and danced it as vigorously as any of the vigorous natives.

From Taranto we journeyed straight to Salerno. The weather continued fine, but intensely cold. All day the sun shone brightly, but the wind whirled through the streets and crept through the windows and round the passages of the ramshackle old palace which was our inn. We called this inn the Cave of Care, and were glad to leave it two days later; but from its inhospitable roof we escaped upon two glorious and happy expeditions. The first of these was to Pæstum. It was a real spring day, and warm at last. The sun blazed fiercely, and the whole earth seemed to throb with the first strong pulse of heat. My father was very happy, and interested in working out once more some old theory of his about the roofing in of the temples. The lizards all came out and whisked across the yellow baking stones, amongst a tangle of pale periwinkles, orchises, and small white lilies. Far away, and framed between the golden pillars of the temples, we saw the sea glittering like glass. It was hard to tear oneself away in time to catch the little bustling train, and with the full remembrance of those groves of roses which formerly had scented all the air round Pæstum's temples, to be dragged in a stuffy carriage across the desolate marshes where buffaloes were grazing. A German gentleman sat opposite to us. He had stolen a fragment of the Temple of Neptune, and wrapped it up in his old plaid shawl. I shall not forget my father's expression as he realised this scene — it was one of delighted humour rather than of disgust. This strong and never failing sense of humour was one of the things which made my father so delightful a companion both on journeys and at home.

The next day we drove along the coast to Amalfi, and the next we went to Naples. We stayed five days in Naples; the weather continued fine and cold — so cold that we did not go out to the islands. Most of our mornings were spent in the museum, and one afternoon we sailed in the bay. There was a very high wind, and our boatman was young and reckless. He put in to shore too quick, and did not calculate the force or the way of the wind. We were just under the rocks, and must inevitably have capsized, had it not been for the prompt skill of my father, who caught the flying sail, and pulled it down at the very instant when we were heaving over. One day we went up Vesuvius. It was fine, the fields were full of lovely flowers, little blue lupins and lilies, and all the copses flushed with pink and yellow; but when we got to the station the mist and smoke came down in a black cloud from the summit, shutting out the sunlight, so my father did not attempt the last ascent. He said he thought that Michael Angelo must have studied the figures for his "Last Judgment" on the slopes of Vesuvius — that he saw distinctly a tangle of writhing human forms within the lava.

From Naples we journeyed straight to Rome. It was April, but Vesuvius was deep in snow, right down to the first vineyards. As we came through the hills above

Rome the air felt warm and still, and the vision of sunset over the city and over the Campagna was gorgeous indeed. The whole valley of the Tiber was flooded with a seething golden light; only the dome of St. Peter's stood up black and distinct, and framed in the burning globe of the sun as it rested on the horizon. In the immediate foreground great aqueducts, purple and black, rose up like things seen in one's dreams. My father was deeply impressed by this spectacle. He was strangely strung up, and very full of nervous vigour — yet he was coming to Rome to die.

Rome was in a state of indescribable commotion. The German Emperor, and many other royalties, were expected, and the grand fêtes to celebrate the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy were all in preparation. Every hotel was crowded, and it was almost impossible to get rooms. After some delay, however, we got good rooms, at the top of the Hotel d'Italia, five stories up, where the air felt fresh and pure; but by that time I think that my father had already taken the illness which finally killed him. There was a great deal of influenza in Rome, and there had been cases of it in the hotel. He did not, however, think of resting — he always went on working and learning to the very last. He found many friends in Rome, and was forced to accept several invitations. He took me to the Vatican, St. Peter's, and many galleries. To the Corsini Palace, I remember that we went on purpose to see Albert Dürer's "Rabbit," a sketch which had always delighted my father. His mind seemed more than usually clear on those days; his conversation was brilliant and sparkling above the average. It was, as I have said before, as though he were running a race with life. He loved life, and he never ceased to *live* it while it lasted. On Friday afternoon we drove out with the C——'s along the Appian Way, and looking to the hills my father spoke of the places we would visit there after we left Rome.

On Saturday afternoon we drove to the Palatine Hill. The heat had really set in, the air seemed to be thawing, and warming itself through. A splendid bath of sunlight poured down upon the waving grasses, the poppies, and tall spikes of golden fennel.

My father was full of energy. We wandered about the dusty ruins, and climbed high up upon the colossal walls and immemorial rubbish heaps. We left the beaten track, and pushing through a thicket of arbutus shrub, we emerged upon a sort of arête or spine of ruined wall, which overhung the race-course they were digging out. It was a giddy place, extremely wild and beautiful. Rare plants of the wild mignonette grew below us on the crumbling rags of turf and brickwork. The old boyish spirit of adventure was engrafted deep down in my father's nature. He loved the wild mignonette as he had loved the wallflowers on the cliffs at Clifton. I remember holding tight to his coat as he bent forward to gather the yellow spikes of flower. He was happy and excited. He always loved and sought adventure as keenly as any of his children.

The next day, Sunday, we drove out early round the gardens of the Trastevere. We went into the church of S. Onofrio. There my father found the tomb of a cardinal, with an inscription which greatly pleased him. It ran thus: "Labor et gloria vita fuit, mors requies." He read it over several times, and said that when he died he would like a thing like that to be written upon his grave. He told me much about Tasso, and how the old poet, broken in spirit and in health, and sick with the strife of living, had come one evening, out of the rush of the city, to die in the convent on this hill. My father was always anxious to gather together both the past, the present, and the general meaning of everything he saw. He stopped the carriage to point out to me some of the peculiar points which went to produce the essential charm of Rome. He showed me that it was the breadth of sky, the quality of the air, and, above all, the Campagna and the hills, and *not* the buildings, which make the city beautiful. It was a very hot morning. The hills rose up, so sharp, so clear, that you could trace their slightest folds. An extraordinary blue grey haze fell through the sky. There was a tall Judas tree in the immediate foreground of the panorama; its branches were all studded and aflame with purple flowers. A plant of wisteria had grown around its root, and, climbing up the trunk, it wreathed itself and fell in pale festoons of lilac blossoms from the branches of the purple Judas tree. This extraordinary combination of colour, backed by the blue of the sky, interested my father immensely. It amused him. He laughed at it, and he walked up and down, wondering whether it would be possible to paint it right in a picture, for it was both wrong and right in nature. As usual, he had a bit of new literature in his pocket, the MS. roll of a set of poems received from a friend that day. He read them eagerly; these tokens of confidence and friendship were always the source of extreme, almost childlike, pleasure to him. We went back to lunch with the P——'s in their beautiful palazzo on the Corso. After lunch we drove round the gardens of the Pincio. To his great joy my father saw a large bush of the yellow-berried ivy, a plant which had always had a peculiar charm for him. He pointed out the golden ivy; it pleased him, but he was feeling ill then, and when he got back to the inn he went to bed. He never got up again.

That was Sunday evening. On Monday his cold was worse, and his throat very bad—almost a form of diphtheria. In the evening his old Harrow friend, Mr. Corbett, came to see him. They talked a good deal. My father was bright, interested, insisting on accuracy as always, but very tired; and the night was bad. He suffered most from want of breath. With his weak lungs he could not breathe in the clammy Roman night air, and in Rome it was impossible for him to overcome an illness, which in itself need not have been fatal. The place suffocated him. At night the air was damp and chill; at dawn a thick white mist rose up round the roofs of the houses. It seemed as though the interminable deaths of all Rome's history rose with the dawn to crush the living city. And all day and all night the troops and the country people poured in through the streets like an army. There was no rest. If my father could but have been taken straight away then, even into the hills, he might perhaps have recovered; but it is not given us to foresee.

On Monday afternoon his mind began to wander very slightly. When the doctor came in the evening, he talked to my father about his books: then, half in jest, he turned and said, " Your father is already immortal." No one knew how ill he was, but I think he knew it himself. On Tuesday afternoon he gave me a little letter which he had written to my mother. His hand was very weak. He had drawn his three trefoils over the envelope for a seal. He was always neat — he never forgot to finish anything. I think he did not suffer actual pain, but his throat was very much swollen, and it was impossible for him to eat or drink. The heat was increasing, the days were long and noisy. He had a big airy room, and a good English nun came to nurse him on Tuesday afternoon. We read to him, but although he seemed to like the voice, he could not follow the words. He asked for the small book of prayers which he always had kept near him since he was a child, and which had belonged to his mother. This he had with him till he died.

He never once complained either of the heat or the noise, or of his own terrible weariness. He talked quietly and incessantly to himself. He seemed to be wandering back through the *thoughts*, not the experience of his old life. His body was exhausted, but his mind, though detached from the present surroundings, was strangely strung. Though delirious with fever, he maintained that extraordinary command over his brain, which only years of protracted suffering can procure. He thanked us very gently when we gave him anything. My father was one of those people whom it is a joy to serve.

On Wednesday morning we saw that he was dying. Another doctor came, and everything was done which could be done, but he himself wanted to rest. His throat was well then, but pneumonia had set in, attacking both lungs, and leading to paralysis of them and of the heart. He sank very gently, talking always to himself, but in a voice so low and weak I could not catch the words. Only I felt certain that he was happy and content, and very glad to rest. He had worked hard — harder than most mortals — and against terrible odds; but always he worked in the heat and in the cold of life. The nearer he came to death, the younger he seemed to grow. The look of extreme youth which came into his face during the last hour of his life was literally extraordinary. Apart from the smoothing of the lines, the head was that of a very young man, almost of a boy. Towards midday he changed his bed. He was terribly tired ; he only wanted to be cool and to sleep. I put my arm round him to hold him up, for he could not breathe, and soon his head fell back against my shoulder. His eyes were shut as though he really slept, and there was a strange sweet smile around his mouth.

He died in the very heat and the height of the spring-day. There was no cloud in all the sky. The sun blazed passionately above the roofs of Rome, as his spirit went out through the open window, out into the Light which he had loved so well, which he had always striven to reach, to which he now belonged.

Rome was in an uproar all that day, but the penetrating peace of eternity was stamped upon my father's quiet face; and so deep and so profound was his repose, that those who loved him best dared not regret for his sake. Matthew Arnold's lines, written about Clough, who died in Florence much in the same way, ring in my head as I think of that last hour of his life :

Why faintest thou? I wandered till I died;
Roam on! the light we sought is shining still.

. . . . .

It was a strange coincidence, and one which would have pleased my father well, that the first person who brought some flowers to put beside him was one of his Swiss friends, the porter of the hotel. Soon after my father's death he came up to the room with a big bunch of Roman lilacs to put by his English friend. He was a great strong man, bred in the heart of the Graubünden mountains. His sorrow was very genuine; he knew quite well what this death would mean, not only to himself, but to all his people at home. Large wreaths of rare and beautiful flowers, sent by Romans and by English people, who loved my father chiefly through his books, followed through the day, but none of those were as sweet a token of friendship for the dead man as that bunch of purple lilacs put in his arms by the strong Swiss mountaineer, who had probably never heard of his writings, but who loved him for himself.

In the afternoon I went out to the Protestant Cemetery to choose a place for my father. The whole air seemed to sing with Shelley's immortal lines on Adonais. It was April. The grass and the graves were full of flowers, and the birds sang and twittered in the cypress trees above them. They gave us a little piece of ground close to the spot where Shelley lies buried. In all the world there surely is no place more penetrated with the powers of poetry and of natural beauty.

Rome seemed half mad with rejoicings and revelry all that night. There was a thunder and a buzz of fireworks up on the Capitol, and the whole air felt electrified with lights, with music, and noises. Little lamps were hung round the shrines in the streets, and red lights blazed upon the cornices of Pagan temples. But something of the cool of the night crept down from the sky and into the room where my father lay.

His own faith was so large, so broad. He had thirsted for knowledge and space. It seemed as though his spirit were already far away upon the paths he longed in life to tread, and it was good to remember that, in passing into the Infinite, it had gone straight over the City of Rome, and that his last days had been lived amongst the sights and places which were dear to him.

[A friend who reached Rome too late to find Symonds alive, sent the following account of his funeral to Mr. Dakyns:— "I left for Rome by the first train which started on Wednesday morning. When I got there, past midnight, Angelo took me back from the station to the hotel, and we went upstairs. Johnnie's face was very quiet and beautiful, especially about the forehead. The window was open, and the hot damp air of the city crept into the room At 3 A. M. the men came. Angelo and I helped to lift him. He was as light as a feather. Then we two went down, and in an open cab we followed the hearse all across dark and dreaming Rome to the cemetery of Caius Cestius. I think that was his real funeral, and that he would have liked it. Dawn was beginning to whiten the sky over the Aventine as we reached the cemetery gates. Some birds twittered in the cypress trees. We followed him to the mortuary chapel. As we drove back, low white mists wavered close along the ground, and the day began to make itself fully felt through the arches of the Colosseum. Mrs. Symonds and Lotta arrived by the night train. Dr. Munthe embalmed the body; and so the funeral could be delayed till Mrs. Green arrived. It took place at 4 P. M. on Saturday. The grave is within a pace of Trelawney's, and a hand touch of Shelley's *Cor Cordium*, in the embrasure of the ancient city walls. The coffin was covered with masses of purple irises and other flowers. The sun shone most brilliantly, and the birds sang in jubilation."]

On the grave is carved the following epitaph, written by Mr. Jowett:

INFRA JACET

JOHANNES ADDINGTON SYMONDS

VIR LUMINIBUS INGENII MULTIS
ET INDUSTRIÂ SINGULARI,
CUJUS ANIMUS
INFIRMO LICET IN CORPORE
LITERARUM ET HISTORIÆ STUDIO ARDEBAT.
BRISTOLII NATUS V. OCT. MDCCCXL.
REQUIEVIT IN CHRISTO XIX AP. MDCCCXCIII.

AVE CARISSIME
NEMO TE MAGIS IN CORDE AMICOS FOVEBAT
NEC IN SIMPLICES ET INDOCTOS
BENEVOLENTIOR ERAT.

And below is Symonds's own translation of Cleanthes's hymn —

Lead thou me, God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life,
  All names for Thee alike are vain and hollow:
Lead me, for I will follow without strife,
  Or if I strive, still must I blindly follow!

AVE CARISSIME!

(THE GRAVE OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.)

I KNEW not as I mused beside
  That storied "slope of green access,"
How soon another heart of hearts
  Must seek that sacred earth's caress.

Yet even then with yearning eyes
  He waited for the kind swift death;
In that high city of his dreams
  In peace he drew his latest breath.

And so they bore him in the night
  Across the streets of silent Rome;
Beneath the grey Aurelian Wall
  The weary pilgrim found his home.

He sleepeth here in holy peace,
  The weary pilgrim sleepeth here,
Beside the Ariel whom he loved,
  With Adonais dreaming near.

O kindly fate whose gift exceeds
  The wistful scholar's dear desire —
To sleep through the enduring years
  Beside his Shelley's soul of fire!

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

The extent and variety of the work of John Addington Symonds may be gauged by the following short list of his published volumes.

1.

The Escorial. A Prize Poem recited in the Theatre, Wrappers. Pp. 16. (12mo.) (1s. 6d.) Oxford. 1860.

2.

The Renaissance. An Essay read in the Theatre. Oxford, June 17, 1863. Wrappers, (8vo.) Pp. 58, Oxford, 1863. Reprinted [by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York?] December 23, 1898, in an edition of 25 numbered copies. (Bds. 8vo.) Pp. 58.

3.

Miscellanies, by John Addington Symonds. Selected and Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by his son. (8vo.) Pp. xxxii+416. (7s. 6d.) London, 1871.

4.

Verses, by John Addington Symonds, M. D., with Preface by his son. (Crown 8vo.) Pp. viii+100. Printed for private circulation only. [Bristol], 1871.

5.

Miscellaneous Writings by John Conington. Edited by John Addington Symonds. 2 vols. (8vo.) (28s.) London, 1872.

6.

An Introduction to the Study of Dante. (Post 8vo.) Pp. viii+272. (7s. 6d.) London, 1872.

Second edition. (Post 8vo.) (7s. 6d.) Edinburgh, 1890. This is the final revision and unquestionably superior to that of 1872.

7.

The Renaissance of Modern Europe. A Review of the Scientific, Artstic, Rationalistic, and Revolutionary Revival, dating from the Fifteenth Century. Being a Lecture delivered before the Sunday Lecture Society. (Crown 8vo.) Pp. 32. Without wrapper. (Price three pence.) London, 1872.

Should have a 4-page circular printed on blue paper at the end *in re* The Sunday Lecture Society under whose auspices the lecture was given on November 24, 1872.

8.

Studies of the Greek Poets, First Series. (Crown 8vo.) (10s. 6d.) London, 1873. Second Edition (10s. 6d.) London, 1872. Third Edition (12s. 6d.) London, 1893.

Second Series. (Crown 8vo.) (10s. 6d.) London, 1876. Second Edition (10s. 6d.) London, 1879. Third Edition (12s. 6d.) London, 1893. It is the Third Edition that alone concerns the student, it having been entirely revised, augmented and rearranged with an additional study on the *Mimes* of Herondas.

9.

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EDITED BY ANNE MONTGOMERIE TRAUBEL

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E. F. EDGETT, in *Boston Transcript*.

The Bibelot

IN *bringing to its close the twelfth volume of* The Bibelot *I reprint these three selections chosen from* The Dominion of Dreams *and, at the same time, avail myself of the opportunity of setting forth briefly how I first came to know the work of "Fiona Macleod." Taken together* The Distant Country, A Memory of Beauty *and* The Wind, the Shadow and the Soul, *comprise a little suite of prose poems which in my judgment will stand for all time as fitting "finalé and farewell" of that rare artist known to us under the pseudonym destined to pass into a beautiful memory—"Fiona Macleod"—a name bearing in itself the impress of inspired audacity!*

As far back as the summer of 1894 I received from England a copy of "Fiona's" first book Pharais, *followed in rapid succession by* The Mountain Lovers (*1895*), The Sin Eater and Other Tales (*1895*), The Washer of the Ford (*1896*), Green Fire (*1896*), *and* From the Hills of Dream (*1896*). *In 1897 tales from* The Sin Eater *and* The Washer of the Ford *were reissued with six additional stories* *heretofore uncollected, the whole being "organically grouped under their distinctive headings:* Spiritual Tales, Barbaric Tales *and* Tragic Romances." *These in turn were augmented by* The Laughter of Peterkin: a Retelling of Old Tales of the Celtic Underworld, (*1897*,) The Dominion of Dreams, (*1899*,) The Divine Adventure; Iona; By Sundown Shores: Studies in Spiritual History, (*1900*). *Finally with* The Winged Destiny: Studies in the Spiritual History of the Gael, (*1904*,) *a series of writings came to an end which for ten years had proved an ever widening source of delight to all who cared to track this elemental Celtic spirit on its wonder working way.*

In 1901 on a visit to Edinburgh it occurred to me that an American edition of the poems might be arranged and through her publishers, (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues,) I laid the matter before "Miss Macleod," whose identity they professed their inability to disclose, with the result that in October I brought out a revised and enlarged and final text of From the Hills of Dream: Threnodies, Songs and Poems, *in the* Old World Series. *Since that time various other volumes have appeared with my imprint, and it was* *doubtless owing to this fact of my having, so to speak, re-introduced "Fiona Macleod" to the American reader, that Mr. Sharp wrote me to meet him in Boston when on what was to be his last trip over sea. I came at his bidding and shall not forget that December evening at his hotel where for a few — all too few — hours I was drawn into the magic circle of his radiant intellect. Ill as he was at the time no one seeing him would have thought him so. When we parted at midnight I was not told in so many words, whatever I had been invited to suspect, that in this our first and last interview I had looked for the first and last time into the eyes of his greatest imaginative creation — the heart of whose pathetic little mystery has been so rudely trampled upon by a few folk who profess a sense of wilful exclusion from the inner shrine of his confidence.*

Is it then so very strange or unpardonable that a writer, finding himself in possession of this new genre *and feeling that his own name was, as some have declared, at a literary discount, should seek to enhance its æsthetic value even to the extent of creating a legend which to a hypercritical mind might seem a trifle too near the border line of deception?*

If I do not quote from the two score letters received from "Fiona Macleod" during the years 1901–1904, it is because this is neither the time nor place to do so becomingly. It is enough for the present to say that they only confirm what Sharp's friends already know of his delightful capacity as a correspondent. Such rare personalities cannot be said to die: they go their way into the Unknown alone and unattended save by the love they leave behind — they go alone but unafraid.

There are passages of abiding truth in "Fiona Macleod's" writings, one of which as I read it now has the splendour of an ever-widening spiritual beauty: IS NOT LOVE MORE GREAT THAN WE CAN CONCEIVE, AND DEATH THE KEEPER OF UNKNOWN REDEMPTIONS? *And so when William Sharp died, (barely a year ago on on the 12th of December,) "he fared into silence with the glad words, 'All is well.'"*

> *"Death touched his wrist and took his pen,*
> *And lured him from the world of men,*
> *She mourns by that Sicilian grave,*
> *Nor roams to find another slave."*

T. B. M.

THREE SELECTIONS FROM FIONA MACLEOD:

- I. THE DISTANT COUNTRY.
- II. A MEMORY OF BEAUTY.
- III. THE WIND, THE SHADOW, AND THE SOUL.

THE DISTANT COUNTRY.

"He has loved, perhaps; of a surety he has suffered. Inevitably must he too have heard the 'sounds that come from the distant country of Splendour and Terror;' and many an evening has he bowed down in silence before laws that are deeper than the sea."

THERE is a poet's tale that I love well, and have often recalled; and of how in the hour of death love may be so great that it transcends the height of hills and the waste of deserts and the salt reaches of the sea.

Last night I dreamed of Ithel and Bronwen: confusedly, for a noise of waves and the crying of an inland bird were continuously wrought into the colours and fragrances of places remote from moor and sea, with the colours and fragrances of a land of orchards and pastures and quiet meres, and with the thin, poignant fragrances and acute breadths of colour of the sun-wrought East.

And when I woke, I knew it was not really Ithel and Bronwen, Red Ithel and Pale Bronwen, of whom I had been dreaming. Nor yet of an antique day, nor of the remote East, but of two whom I knew well, and of this West of rains and rainbows, of tears and hopes, which I love as a child loves a widowed mother.

Then I slept again, and before dawn dreamed, and again awoke. But it was not of Bronwen and Ithel now that I dreamed, but of Aillinn and Bailê the Sweet-Spoken.

Among the stories of the Gael there is one that women love most. It is that of Bailê the Sweet-Spoken. When Bailê, who lived in one part of Gaeldom, suffered in any wise, Aillinn, who lived in another part, suffered also and with the same suffering. So great was their love that distance between them was no more than a flow of water between two other flows in a narrow stream. That is love, that cannot live apart. But in an evil hour the hate of a base nature caused a death-image to appear to Aillinn and to Bailê Honeymouth. And when Bailê the Sweet-Spoken saw his dead love, his heart broke, and the grass was less cold than was that which lay upon it. And when Aillinn saw her dead love, her life went away in a breath, and she was more white than were the white daisies in the grass where her great beauty lay like a stilled, motionless flame. Each was buried where each fell. Then this wonder was known throughout Gaeldom, that an apple-tree straightway grew out of the grave of Aillinn, which the wind and the sun and moon and unseen powers moulded at the top into the form and head of Bailê; and that out of the grave of Bailê grew a yew-tree, of the upper leaves and branches of which the unseen powers and the moon and the sun and the wind wrought the fair, beautiful head of Aillinn. That is love, that cannot dream apart. That is love, that for ever remoulds love nearer and nearer to the desire of the heart.

And when seven years had passed, the yew-tree and the apple-tree were laid low. It may be that one who loved not with the great love bade this to be done: for it is only the few who love as Aillinn and Bailê loved, and the smaller or weaker the soul is, the more does it abhor or be troubled by the white flame. But the poets and seers made tablets of the apple-wood and the yew-wood, and wrote thereon amorous and beautiful words. Later, it happened that the Ardree summoned the poets to bring these tablets before him at the House of the Kings. But hardly had he touched them when the yew-wood and the apple-wood were suddenly one wood, swift in their coming together as when two waves meet at sea and are one wave. And the king and those about him could see the pale apple-wood inwoven with the dark yew-wood, nor could any magic or incantation undo that miracle. So the Ardree bade the wood of the love of Aillinn and Bailê be taken to the treasury, and be kept there with the sacred emblems of great powers and demons and gods and the trophies of the heroes. And that is love, that heeds neither the word of man, nor the bitterness of death, nor the open law, nor the law that is secret and inscrutable.

But when I heard a mavis singing above the dew on the white wild-roses, and saw the blue light like a moving blue flame underslidden with running gold, and knew that it was day, I thought no more of Aillinn and of Bailê the Sweet-Spoken, nor of Red Ithel and Pale Bronwen, nor of the far, dim East where Ithel lay among the sands and Bronwen's love flickered like a shadow ; nor of the remote far-off day of those four lovers of dream; but of two whom I loved well and who had their day in this West of rains and rainbows, of tears and hopes.

Love is at once so great and so frail that there is perhaps no thought which can at the same time so appal and uplift us. And there is in love, at times, for some, an unfathomed mystery. That which can lead to the stars can lead to the abyss. There is a limit set to mortal joy as well as to mortal suffering, and the flame may overleap itself in one as in the other. The most dread mystery of a love that is overwhelming is its death through its own flame.

This is an "untold story" that I write. None could write it. A few will understand: to most it will be at once as real and as unreal as foam, as no more than the phosphorescence of emotion. One may see, and yet deny: as one may see in the nocturnal wave a flame that is not there, or a star caught momentarily in the travelling hollow, and know that there is no flame but only a sudden gleam of infinitesimal, congregated life; no star, but only a wandering image. But, also, one may deny that which is not phantasmal. He who is colour-blind cannot see colour: he who is blind to that little infinite flame of life which creates the blue mist of youth and love and romance cannot discern in youth or love or romance the names of those primitive ecstasies that in themselves are immortal things, though we see only their fruitions and decays: and he whose soul is obscure, or whose spirit is blind, cannot see those things which pertain to the spirit, or understand those things wherein the spirit expresses itself.

But for the some who care, I write these few words: not because I know a mystery, and would reveal it, but because I have known a mystery, and am to-day as a child before it, and can neither reveal nor interpret it.

They loved each other well, the two of whom I speak. It was no lesser love, though upheld by desires and fed with flame; but knew these, and recognised in them the bodily images of a flame that was not mortal and of desires that were not finite. They knew all of joy and sorrow that can come to man and woman through the mysterious gates of Love, which to some seem of dusk and to some seem of morning or the radiances of noon.

Year by year their love deepened. I know of no love like theirs. It was, in truth, a flame.

One hears everywhere that passion is but unsatisfied desire, that love is but a fever. So, too, as I have heard, the moles, which can see in twilight and amid the earthy glooms they inhabit, cannot see the stars even as shining points upon the branches of trees, nor these moving branches even, nor their wind-lifted shadows.

Their love did not diminish, but grew, through tragic circumstance. As endurance became harder, — for love deepened and passion became as the bird of prey that God sets famished in the wilderness, while the little and great things of common life came in upon this love like a tide, — it seemed to each that they only withdrew the more into that which was for them not the most great thing in life, but life.

To her, he was not only the man she loved: to whom she had given the inward, unnameable life as well as that which dwelled in the heart and in the mind, in the pulse and the blood and the nerves. He was Love itself; and when sometimes he whispered in her hair, she heard other words, and knew that a greater than he whom she loved spoke with hidden meanings.

How could she tell what she was to him? She was a flame to his mind as well as to his life: that she knew. But he could not tell her what words fail to tell. She could feel his heart beat: his pulse rose to her eyes as a wave to the moon: in those eyes of his she could see that which was in her own heart, but which she had to blind and lead blindfold, because a woman cannot look upon that which is intolerable. Doubtless it was not so with him. This she could not know. But she knew her own heart. The untranslatable call was there. She heard it in those silences where women listen.

Sometimes she looked at him, wondering: at times, even with a sudden, mysterious fear. She did not fear him whom she loved, but unknown forces behind him. He spoke to her sometimes of that which cannot pass: of love more enduring than the granite hills, of passion, of the spirit, of deathless things. She feared them. She did not fear with the mind: that leaped, as a doe to the water-springs. She did not fear with the body, for that abhorred death and the ending of dreams. But something within her feared. These things he spoke of were too great and terrible a wind for a little, wandering flame.

Did he not think thus himself? she wondered. Was it because he was a man that he spoke blithely of these far-off, beautiful and terrible things?

Once they were lying on a grassy slope, on a promontory, on a warm, moonlit night. A single pine-tree grew on the little, rocky buttress: and against this they leaned, and looked through the branches at the pale, uncertain stars, or into the moving, dark, mysterious water.

"It is our love," he whispered to her: "we are on the granite rock: and through the tree of our little world we look at the unchanging stars: and this moving tide is the mystery that is for ever about us, and whispers so much, and tells so little."

It was sweet to hear: and she loved him

who whispered: and the thought was her own. But that night she lay thinking for hour upon hour, or, rather, her mind was but a swimming thought; a thought that swam idly on still seas in deep darkness. How wonderful were these dreams that love whispered: how . . .

But when at sunrise she woke, it was with a sense that the horizons of life crept closer and closer. She smiled sadly as she thought of how measurable are the mortalities we flatter with infinitude: the sands of the desert, the green hair of the grass, the waves of the sea.

Often, of late, she knew that he who loved her was strangely disquieted. "Too many dreams," he said once, with double meaning, smiling as he looked at her, but with an unexpressed trouble in his eyes.

More and more, because of the great, enduring, pitiless flame of love, she turned to the little things of the hour and the moment. It is the woman's way, and is a law. And more and more, wrought by longings and desires, he whom she loved turned to the inward contemplation of the things that are immortal, to the longings and desires that have their roots in the soul, but whose tendrils reach beyond the stars, and whose flowers grow by the waters of life in Edens beyond dream. It may not be men's way; and he had the fatal gift of the imagination, which is to men what great beauty is to women — a crown of stars and a slaying sword.

They turned the same way, not knowing it. How could they know, being blind? Blind children they were.

He feared the flame would consume them. She feared it would consume itself.

Therein lay the bitterness. But for her, being a woman, the depths were deeper. He had his dreams.

When, at last, the end came — a strange, a tragic, an almost incredible end, perhaps, for love did not veer, and passion was not slain, but translated to a starry dream, and every sweet and lovely intercourse was theirs still — the suffering was too great to be borne. Yet neither death nor tragic mischance came with veiled healing.

Love, won at a supreme hazard (and again, I do not tell the story of these two, who had, and now in the further silences have, their own secret, for ever sacred), proved a stronger force than life. Life that can be measured, that is so measurable, is as a child before the other unknown power, that is without measure. The man did not understand. He fed the flame with dreams upon dreams, with hopes upon hopes; with more dreams and more hopes.

Once, dimly foreseeing the end, she said, "Love can be slain. It is mortal." He answered, almost with anger, that sooner could the soul die. She looked at him, wondering that he, whose imagination was so much greater than hers, could not understand.

She loved to the edge of death by will. Will can control the mortal things of love. Instinct wore her heart by day and by night. She put her frail strength into the balance, then her dreams, then her memories. Before the end, hesitating, but not for herself, she put her whole mind there. Still, life weighed lower and lower the scale.

One day they talked of immaterial things. Suddenly he asked her a question.

She was silent. The room was in darkness, for the fire had burned low. He could see only the ruddy gleam on the white skirt; the two white hands; the little restless flame in an opal.

Then, quietly, she told him. She had not ceased to love: it was not that.

Simply, love had been too great a flame. At the last, at that moment, she had striven to save all: she had already put all in the balance, all but her soul. That, too, she had now put there with swift and terrible suddenness.

The balance trembled, then Life weighed the scale lower, and lower.

It was gone. That had gone away upon the wind, which was light as it, homeless as it, as mysterious. Out of the balance she took back what else she had put there: her mind, quiet, sane, serene now, if that can be serene that neither fears nor cares because it does not feel: and the dreams, and desires, that had turned to loosened fragrances and shadows: and hopes, grey as the ashes of wood, that fell away and were no more.

She was the same, and yet not the same. He trembled, but dare not understand. In his mind were falling stars.

"I will give you all I have to give," she said; "to you, who have had all I had to give, I give that which is left. It is an image that has no life."

When he walked that night alone under the stars he understood. Love can come, not in his mortal but in his immortal guise: as a spirit of flame. There is no alchemy of life which can change that tameless and fierce thing, that power more intense than fire, that creature whose breath consumes what death only silences.

It had come close and looked at them. Long ago he had prayed that it might be so. In answer, the immortal had come to the mortal. How little of all that was to be he had foreseen when, by a spiritual force, he accomplished that too intimate, that too close union, in which none may endure! I speak of a mystery. That it may be, that to many, if not all, this thing that I say will be meaningless, I know. But I do not try to explain what is not a matter of words: nay, I could not, for though I believe, I know of this mystery only through those two who broke (or of whom one broke) some occult but imperious spiritual law.

They lived long after this great change. Their love never faltered. Each, as before, came close to the other, as day and night ceaselessly meet in dawns and twilights.

But that came to her no more which had gone. For him, he grew slowly to understand a love more great than his. His had not known the innermost flame, that is pure fire.

Strange and terrible thoughts came to him at times. The waste places of the imagination were peopled.

Often, as he has told me, through sleepless nights a solemn marching as of a vast throng rose and fell, a dreadful pulse. But, for him, life was fulfilled. I know that he had always one changeless dream, a hope, a faith. I do not know what, in the end, clouded or unclouded that faithful spirit. But I, too, who knew them, who loved them, have my assured faith: the more, not the less, now that they are gone to that "distant country of Splendour and Terror." Love is more great than we conceive, and Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions. Of her, I have had often, I have ever, in my mind the words wherewith

I begin one of the tales in this book: "It is God that builds the nest of the blind bird."

A MEMORY OF BEAUTY.

"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young."
WEBSTER.

MANY years ago a beautiful dark woman came to Ardnathonn, and lived there a while, and died, as she had lived, in silence.

None in that remote place knew who she was; nor of any there was ever known the name of the man who loved her, and died, or the name of another man who loved her, and died.

They called her "the foreign woman;" and where the nettle sheds her snow above the lichened stones in the little seaward-sloping graveyard, there appear on one stone these words only: *The Stranger.*

In the ruined garden of Tighnardnathonn stands a broken sundial. Here may still be deciphered the legend: *Time Past: Time to Come.*

Time past, time to come. It is the refrain of our mortality.

And Aileen? . . . That great beauty of hers is no more. It is unthinkable. If loveliness can pass away as a breath . . .

nay, did not one in Asia of old, one of the seers of the world, interpret thus: "I am Beauty itself among beautiful things." The dream that is the body eternally perishes, only the dream that is the soul endures.

Of the two men who loved Aileen, there is no more than this to be said. One, he who had his days with her, had the greater peace, the happier life. The other . . . he wrote this song —

"Aileen, Aileen, heart of my life, my pulse, my flame,
There are two men loving thee, and two who are
calling thee wife:

A name is a name, but Love is love, Aileen my Queen!
True art thou, dear, true and strong, in life and in
death.

Thou to me, I to thee, this is the wonder, the joy:
This is our breath of life: that I am for thee, and
thou for me!"

Can it be that all three are dead? There are times when I look for the coming of two at least, as the stranded seaweed for the sea. When the love of men is as the idle wind, and the loveliness that was woman is less than dust, the word alone does not perish. This is my solace, my hope.

It is a commonplace that death is held most mournful when it is the seal of silence upon youth, upon what is beautiful. Peradventure, life incomplete may some day be revealed to us as the sole life that is complete. Howbeit, we need not lament when love has been gloriously present. I think often of that old sundial inscription —

> "Light and Shade by turns,
> But Love always . . . "

To have loved supremely! After all, the green, sweet world had been good to her, its daughter. She had loved and been loved, with the passion of passion. Nothing in the world could take away that joy; not any loss or sorrow, nor that last grief, the death of him whom she so loved; not the mysterious powers themselves that men call God, and that move and live and have their blind will behind the blowing wind and the rising sap, behind the drifting leaf and the granite hills, behind the womb of woman and the mind of man, behind the miracle of day and night, behind life, behind death.

This was hers. She had this supreme

heritage. In truth she was crowned. And he . . . from the first he wore the glory of her love, as morning wears the sunrise. It is enough.

Both now are alien far hence, in a land unvisited of us. I think I know that when she died, alone, and in a strange place, with unrelinquished name, and leaving only a memory of beauty, she heard the voice of him whom she loved with the one love.

. . . . .

Can love itself be as an idle bow upon our poor perishing heavens? Is love a dream, a dream within a dream? If so, the soul herself were a vain image, as fleeting as the travelling shadow of a wave.

Alas, how brief that lovely hour which was her life! It is only in what is loveliest, most fugitive, that eternity reveals, as in a sudden flame, as in the vanishing facet of a second, the beauty of all beauty; that it whispers, in the purple hollow of the dancing flame, the incommunicable word.

Strange mystery, that so many ages had to come and go, so many lives to be lived, so many ecstasies and raptures and sorrows and vicissitudes to flame and be and pass, just to produce one frail flower of perfection. I sometimes think of this unknown loveliness, this woman whose sole pulse now is in the sap of the grass over her head, not as a mortal joy, but as the breath or symbol of a most ancient and ever new mystery, the mystery of eternal beauty:

> "... For I have seen
> In lonely places, and in lonelier hours,
> My vision of the rainbow-aureoled face
> Of her whom men name Beauty: proud, austere:
> Dim vision of the flawless, perfect face,
> Divinely fugitive, that haunts the world,
> And lifts man's spiral thought to lovelier dreams."

She is gone now who was so fair. Can great beauty perish? The unlovely is as the weed that is everywhere under the sun. But that wind which blows the seed, alike of the unlovely and of the children of beauty — can it have failed to wed that exhaled essence to the glory of light, so that somewhere, somehow, that which was so beautiful is?

I hold to this.

THE WIND, THE SHADOW, AND THE SOUL.

"*Thus begins another vigil, that of the Singers in God's acre.*" (The Shadow of Arvor.)

"*The will of God is in the wind.*" (Santez Anna.)

"*The Wind and Silence, God's eldest born.*" ("The Book of the Opal.")

THERE are dreams beyond the thrust of the spear, and there are dreams and dreams; of what has been or what is to be, as well as the more idle fantasies of sleep. And this, perhaps, is of those dreams whose gossamer is spun out of the invisible threads of sorrow; or it may be, is woven out of the tragic shadows of unfulfilled vicissitude. It is of little moment.

One who was, now is not. That "is the sting, the wonder."

One who was, now is not. The soul and the shadow have both gone away upon the wind.

I write this in a quiet sea-haven. Tall cliffs half enclose it, in two white curves, like the wings of the solander when she hollows them as she breasts the north wind.

These sun-bathed cliffs, with soft hair of green grass, against whose white walls last year the swallows, dusky arrowy shuttles, slid incessantly, and where tufts of sea-lavender hung like breaths of stilled smoke, now seem to me merely tall cliffs. Then, when we were together, they were precipices which fell into seas of dream, and at their bases was for ever the rumour of a most ancient, strange, and penetrating music. It is I only, now, who do not hear: doubtless, in those ears, it fashions new meanings, mysteries, and beauty: there, where the music deepens beyond the chime of the hours, and Time itself is less than the whisper of the running wave. White walls, which could open, and where the sea-song became a spirit, still with the foam-bells on her hair, but with a robe green as grass, and in her hand a white flower.

Symbols: yes. To some, foolish; to others clear as the noon, the clearness that is absolute in light, that is so obvious, and is unfathomable.

Last night the wind suddenly smote the sea. There had been no warning. The sun had set beneath narrow peninsulas of lemon and pale mauve; overagainst the upper roseate glow, the east was a shadowy opal wilderness, with one broad strait of luminous green wherein a star trembled. At the furtive suffusion of the twilight from behind the leaves, a bat, heedless of the season, flittered through the silent reaches; and when it too was lost in the obscurity, and darkness was silence and silence darkness, the continuous wave upon the shore was but the murmurous voice of that monotony. Three hours later a strange confused sound was audible. At midnight there was a sudden congregation of voices; a myriad scream tore the silence; the whole sea was uplifted, and it was as though the whirling body of the tide was rent therefrom and flung upon the land.

I did not sleep, but listened to the wind and sea. My dreams and thoughts, children of the wind, were but ministers of a mind wrought in shadow. They did "the will of beauty and regret."

At dawn the tempest was over. But for an hour thereafter the sea was in a shroud of scud and spray: I could see nothing but this shimmering, dreadful whiteness.

Why do I write this? It is because in this past night of tempest, in this day of calm, I have come close to one of whom I speak, and would image in this after-breath, as a sudden fragrance of violets in an unexpected place, a last fragrance of memory. Yet, I would not have written these last words to this book if it were not for the keen resurrection of my sorrow in the very haven of to-day's noontide.

I was in a hollow in the eastern cliff, a hollow filled with pale blue shadow, and with a faint sea-rumour clinging invisibly to the flint bosses and facets of the sun-warmed chalk. Before me rose gradually a grass-green path, aslant upon the upward slope. There was absolute stillness in the air. The trouble of the waters made this landward silence as peace within peace.

Out of the blue serenities, where nothing, not even the moving whiteness of a vanishing wing, was visible; out of the heat and glory of the day; out of that which is beyond — an eddy of wind swiftly descended. I saw the grasses shiver along the green path. A few broken sprays and twigs whirled this way and that. In my own land this has one open meaning. Those invisible ones whom we call the hidden people —

whom so many, instinctively ever reducing what is great to what is small, what is of mystery and tragic wonder to what is fantastic and unthinkable, call "the fairies" — have passed by.

There are too many who inhabit the world that from our eyes is hidden, for us to know who pass, in times, on occasions like this. The children of light and darkness tread the same way. But to-day it was not one of those unseen and therefore unfamiliar kindred.

For when I looked again, I saw that the one whom I had lost moved slowly up the path; but not alone. Behind, or close by, moved another. It was this other who turned to me. The image stooped, and lifted a palmful of dust in the hollow of its hand. This it blew away with a little sudden breath; and I saw that it was not the shadow, nor the phantom, but the soul of that which I had loved. Yet my grief was for that sweet perished mortality when I saw the eddy-spiralled greying dust was all that remained.

But for a second I had seen them together, so much one, so incommunicably alien. In that moment of farewell, all that was of mortal beauty passed into the starry eyes of the comrade who had forgotten the little infinite change. It was then, it was thus, I saw Eternity. That is why I write.

Then, as a film of blue smoke fades into the sky, what I had seen was not; and the old bewilderment was mine again, and I knew not which was the Shadow or which the Soul, or whether it was but the Wind which had thus ceased to be.

❧

HERE ends THE BIBELOT
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